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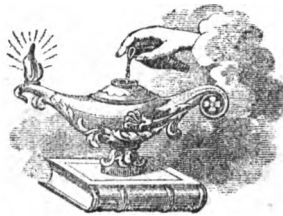






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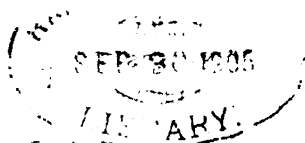
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*William S. Appleton Jr.*

## PREFACE.

THE constant demand for *new* Dialogues, adapted to the wants of boys and girls, has induced the preparation of this little collection. Most of the pieces here presented are now for the first time published. The rest will be recognized by the readers of the AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY as having already appeared in that periodical.

Without claiming superlative merit for any of these Dialogues, they are all believed to be well suited to the taste of pupils, and appropriate for school exhibitions and private rehearsals.

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## THE SCHOOL-BOYS' TRIBUNAL.

### CHARACTERS :

SOPHOS, *the Judge*,  
1st ATTENDANT,  
2d ATTENDANT,  
TIM TROUBLESOME,  
BILL BRAG,

SIMON STUPID,  
ROBIN ROGUE,  
GRANVILLE GOAHEAD,  
HIRAM HOLDBACK,  
ERNEST THINKER,

LAWRENCE LAZY.

SCENE.—*Sophos, with long white hair and venerable appearance, sitting upon an elevated seat. Two attendants stand beside him. A gilt crown and a bundle of birch rods are lying near. One of the attendants steps forward and draws a circle with chalk upon the floor, within which each of the boys stands while speaking.*

*Sophos.* Bring me my wizard-book. (*Attendant places a large book in his lap.*) See that the crown and rods are ready, and then admit the youths who are to be brought within the circle of our magic power, and I will read to them their destiny. (*Tim Troublesome enters.*) Who is this? (*Turns the pages.*) Is not this Timmy Troublesome, the boy who meddles with everybody's business, and is forever getting into difficulty by his restlessness?

*Attendant.* The same, sir.

*S.* He is a curious fellow. I can not say much good of him. I think it is of this kind of material that disorderly schools are made. Tim, do you know the fable of the dog in the manger?

*Tim.* I think I have heard it.

*S.* Perhaps you may see a picture of yourself there, if you look sharp. You neither study, nor let others study. So you are like the dog. You have a bad reputation, and must suffer the consequences.

*T.* Please, sir, don't be too hard on me. I only leaned over in my seat for a minute to-day, to look at the pictures in Sam's book, and I got called out on the floor.

*S.* That was because you were not minding your own business.

*T.* And if I happen to say a word to the fellers in fun, they pick a quarrel with me.

*S.* It takes two to make a quarrel. You are apt to be cross as well as meddlesome. So you make yourself disagreeable to everybody. Don't you sometimes get others into a scrape, by your meddling propensity?

*T.* I don't know. I can't help it if I do. They are as much to blame as I.

*S.* That is the old excuse. But it will not answer here. Your record is on this page, and I will read it. (*Reads.*) *The meddlesome boy becomes the meddlesome man. He will not succeed in life, because he will not mind his own business. He gets himself and others into trouble, and thinks he can not help it. Take him away, and see what*

good discipline will do for him. (*Attendant hits him with the rods, and drives him to the opposite side of the stage.*)

[*Enter BILL BRAG, with a swaggering air.*]

*Brag.* I suppose you know me. My name is William. I have always been one of the luckiest fellows in school. I came within an ace of getting the fourth prize at the last examination. Father said I deserved it, but the committee couldn't see it in that light.

*S.* Oh yes; your last name is Brag, I believe—Bill Brag, as the entry stands in my book.

*B.* That's my name; but I would rather be called William. It sounds better.

*S.* We will not quarrel about names. You pretend to be quite a scholar. Tell me what makes you so much ahead of all the rest.

*B.* Oh, that is easy enough. In the first place, here's brains. (*Pointing to his head.*) None of your dunce blood in this chap. I come of good stock. I hold my head up in good company, and make the best of things. Says the master to me, the first day I went to the grammar-school, "You look like a good boy, Willie; I hope it is so." Says I, "Yes, sir; I never tell lies, or swear, or do any thing of that sort." So I got into favor right off, and was put ahead. I look out for number one, and I guess I can stand my chance with anybody. And then, you see, I mind my own business; that fellow over there doesn't (*pointing to Tim*), and I can—

*S.* Stop; that will do. I see what you are made of. Let me read to you a short proverb which is written here beside your name. (*Reads.*) *Self-praise goes but little ways.* I never knew a boaster to be respected in a community. People soon find him out. He is the ass in the lion's skin. Everybody knows that his roar is only a bray. Go, Bill, and act a manly part; leave off bragging, and you may be somebody yet.

[*Enter LAZY and STUPID.*]

*S.* Ah! what have we here? a pair of twins?

*Attendant.* This, sir, is Master Lazy, and this Master Stupid. They are great friends, always together, and often mistaken for twins. They want you to tell their fortune together.

*S.* That is easily done. Their names are connected by a brace in my book. Has not one of you a brother named Dunce?

*Lazy.* (*Yawning, and pointing at Stupid.*) I guess it's *him*.

*Stupid.* (*At the same time.*) Hey!

*S.* Don't both speak together. Oh, now, as I look a little closer, I perceive that *both* of you belong to the Dunce family. Stupid, tell me how many hours there are in a day.

*Stupid* (*drawling*). Hey!

*L.* (*to Stupid.*) Say sixty.

*S.* How do you make that out, Master Lazy?

*L.* Why, the folks say I sleep twenty-four, and I guess I have to worry through about twenty-four more in school, and the rest will make it pretty near up to sixty.

*S.* You are sharp at reckoning, and if you had a little more life, perhaps you might make a scholar. But I have a serious account against both of you. This is the way it stands. Item first—a long array of tardy marks. Second—idle, more than half the time. Third—dozing in school hours. Consequence—*bad lessons*. If you do not soon reform, you may expect to be reckoned by and by among the drags and drones of society, as you are now a disgrace to the school. But here comes one who may, perhaps, teach you something.

[*Enter ROBIN ROGUE, full of fun, who pushes LAZY and STUPID out of the ring.*]

*S.* Better a dozen rogues than one fool. You plague of schoolmasters, you young scapegrace, Robin Rogue, what have you to say for yourself, why the law should not have its course? Are you guilty or not guilty of the last attempt to poke fun at honest, peaceable folks?

*Robin.* Guilty, sir.

*S.* I am glad to see that you own your silly pranks, for that gives hope of reformation. But what excuse have you for your misdemeanors?

*R.* I don't mean any harm, sir. I must have a little fun, once in awhile.

*S.* Fun is all right in its place, but in school it goes by a different name. There, they call it mischief. Who tipped over Harry Slowthink's inkstand the other day, and spoiled a new copy-book?

*R.* I did, sir.

*S.* And how did you come to do it?

*R.* I was tickling Harry's ear with my pen, sir.

*S.* And why did you that?

*R.* I couldn't help it, sir. The fun is in me, and it must come out. I don't stop to think.

*S.* Ah, yes. I see how it is. But some teachers are a little blind in this matter. Such boys must be kept busy, and pretty closely watched. You may become a smart man under the right kind of discipline. We'll keep a sharp eye on you, and give you enough to do. I think it may be well to set you to work to chastise the dunces. Give him a rod, and let him try his hand on those we have here. (*Attendant gives him a rod, which he uses freely.*)

[*Enter GOAHEAD, pulling along HOLDBACK.*]

*S.* A precious couple this, I should think. If you could be thus linked together through life, you might serve as a mutual restraint to each other. I can read your characters at a glance. They are the opposite extremes. Master Goahead pushes along anywhere without thought, and is always

making blunders, while Holdback here will never undertake any thing difficult for fear of failing. Boys, let us see what you know. I will give you an easy problem. If a man walk four miles in an hour, how long will it take him to go a distance of sixty miles? Now, *think* of it. (*Holdback looks puzzled, while Goahead is eager to answer.*)

*Goahead (rapidly).* I know, sir. If he walks four miles in an hour, in sixty miles he will walk four times sixty hours, which are two hundred and forty miles. Therefore, he will walk two hundred and forty miles —no, two hundred and forty hours.

*S.* There is a sample of your rushing propensity. You don't stop to think, but you say the first thing that comes into your head. Holdback, what is the true answer to the problem?

*Holdback.* I don't know. I can't do it.

*S.* Can't is a favorite word with with you. Stop and think.

*H.* I *can't* think. I never did any sums like that.

*S.* Ah, I see. You won't *try*. That is the trouble; so you go to your companions for help in difficulty. You copy examples from other boys' slates. When you have a hard lesson, you look it over, and then shut the book in despair, saying, "I can't get it." Goahead gets his task done in a trice, and after all makes the most bungling recitations in the class. He needs to be more cautious; and you, Master Holdback, need to be more confident, and then you will both succeed.

[*Enter ERNEST THINKER.*]

*S.* What is your name, my lad?

*Ernest.* The boys call me Ernie, though my true name is Ernest.

*S.* *Ernie*? That means, I think, that you have *earned* a good reputation by your diligence.

*E.* I think not, sir. I don't learn so easy as Brag and Goahead, and so I study harder than they.

*S.* That means that you do with your might whatever you have to do. I have heard of you before, Master Ernest Thinker, and your record is written in this book. (*Reads.*) The good scholar is one who with small means makes great improvement. He may have a mind which is not quick to comprehend, but he bends all his energies to the work that is before him. His advance may be slow, but it is sure. And he is not the herald of his own virtues. Others praise him, while he keeps silence. Such a boy will in time reach a true and noble manhood. He deserves the crown as a reward for his diligence and fidelity.

[*Boys gather around, and form a tableau. SOPHOS places the crown upon ERNEST's head. Scene closes.*]

# THE STRAIGHT MARK.

## CHARACTERS:

MR. RUSSE, a new teacher.

RICHARD, SAMUEL, WILLIAM, JAMES, } School-boys.

HENRY, NICK, NED, and others,

SCENE—A School. Teacher at his desk—Class before him.

*Mr. Russe.* The class will now recite in arithmetic. Books aside. Those at the seat will work the examples on their slates. Richard will take the board. [*RICHARD goes to the blackboard.*] I shall give you, this morning, an original example suggested by the recitation.

*James.* I can't do these sums, Mr. Russe.

*Mr. R.* Can't ! Was that your word ?

*Henry.* They're awful hard, Mr. Russe.

*Mr. R.* Very hard you mean ; not awful.

*Samuel.* [*Whispers.*] Bill !

*William.* Hulloo !

*S.* Play ball after school ?

*Mr. R.* Some say they can not do the examples. Let us try one of them. Attention. [*Reads.*] *You have 18 bushels of corn at 48 cents a bushel—* [*RICHARD writes on the board ; the other boys, on their slates.*]

*W.* [*to SAM.*] I speak for first base.

*Mr. R.* [*Reads.*] 8 bushels of rye at 52 cents—

*S.* [*to WILLIAM.*] I'm pitcher.

*Mr. R.* No whispering ! [*Reads.*] 4 bushels of wheat at 85 cents—

*H.* Say, Sam.—Look out, he's looking

*Mr. R.* Samuel, are you whispering ?

*S.* I am not, sir.

*Mr. R.* Were you ? That, of course, is what I mean.

*S.* When ?

*Mr. R.* Just now, when I looked up.

*S.* No, sir.

*Mr. R.* Have you been ?—that is, since we began the recitation.

*S.* Yes, sir.

*Mr. R.* A boy who tells the truth is a good boy. It seems that a good boy may be inattentive. [*Nick draws a variety of trifles from his pocket.*] Samuel will attend.

*S.* Yes, sir. But I can't understand.

*Mr. R.* Richard will try to make it clear presently—[*Reads.*]—*And would mix the whole with grains worth, one kind, \$1<sup>2</sup>/<sub>10</sub> per bushel.* [*CHARLES takes some of NICK's playthings, and NICK snatches for them.*]

*Nick.* Here !—give me those !—

*Mr. R.* Boys ! Nick, where's your slate ? [*Nick takes his slate.*]  
*Mr. Russe reads.* The other at \$2<sup>12</sup>/<sub>10</sub> per bushel—



*H.* [whispers.] Say, Sam, didn't the Atlantics do the big thing? Twenty-seven to seventeen! [*SAM shakes his head and looks at the board.*]

*J.* [whispers.] Hoh, the Eureka's can beat 'em any day.

*Mr. R.* Whispering again! Come, come! Attend to the example. [Reads.] *How much of the grain at \$1 $\frac{2}{10}$  per bushel, and of that at \$2 $\frac{1}{10}$  per bushel—*

*J.* [whispers.] The Actives thought they were going to—[*Mr. Russe looks that way.*—*Mr. Russe*, how do you begin that sum?

*Mr. R.* The explanation will be given in a minute. [Reads.] *Must you mix with the other three—*

*J.* [whispers.] The Actives thought they would do the soft thing when they played with the Eureka's—

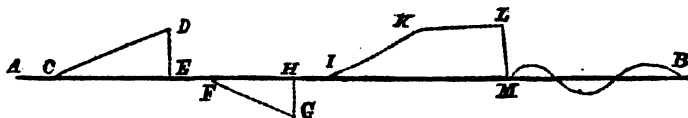
*Mr. R.* [sharply.] Attention!

*J.* [aside.] *Mr. Russe* is getting up steam, ha! ha! ha!

*Several Boys.* Ha! ha! ha! [*NED strikes at NICK with his slate, and the slate falls to the floor.*]

*N.* Get out! [*NED looks innocent.*]

*Mr. R.* [Rising from his chair and facing the class. All attend. He goes to the board and draws the following figure:



*Turning to the boys.* Do you see that straight mark, AB?

*All.* Yes, sir!

*Mr. R.* That represents the study or recitation hour. Now, if you should begin at A—as some of my boys here do—and attend to your work right through to B, you would, with rare exceptions, have your lessons from to day. But you do not so attend. Some of you begin at A and study on to C, when the thought of something else pops into your head—some kind of amusement, a base-ball match perhaps—and off you go from the straight line of attention to your study to D. Suddenly you remember that you have a recitation before you, and down you come to the straight line again, having lost time however, from C to E.

*S.* *Mr. Russe*, you've told us that a perfectly straight line can't be drawn.

*Mr. R.* I'm glad you remember it, Samuel. But that is now a departure from the straight line of attention to what we are considering. It is like the departure noted by the line FGH, by which we lose the line FH. Nick, what are you doing?

*N.* He keeps getting my things.

*Mr. R.* Ah, now you are going towards K! Nick, do you see—does the class see, that Nick and Ned are losing time by turning their attention to something else?

*Boys.* Yes, sir.

S. We are all losing time, too.

Mr. R. Certainly. Put those things into your pocket, Nick. Now, suppose we go back to H. You begin there to study again, and you attend to work till you get to I. There the thought of something else pops into your mind—a big apple you're going to eat, perhaps—

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. R. You think about the apple, and all the while you are going away from AB towards K, and there you think of something else—a new bat, perhaps. Is it not so?

Several. Yes, sir.

Mr. R. Well, you think about the new bat till you get to K, and then you get into a boyish reverie, in which you keep on thinking of apples, and bats, and balls, and other things, till you are suddenly startled by the remembrance of your lesson; so back you dart to the straight mark and try to be attentive; but thoughts of balls, and apples, and bats, and games, mingle confusedly with the matter of the lesson, and that is represented by the curved line from M to B. Do you see?

Boys. Yes, sir.

Mr. R. Now sum up and see what you have lost. All that part of the study or recitation hour from C to E + F to H + I to M + fully  $\frac{1}{2}$  M to B!—about  $\frac{2}{3}$  AB—that is, about two-thirds of the time. Is it a wonder you come here and say *Can't*? Away with the word! *Can't! Inattention* rather. When you meet with difficulty, work at it. If in due time you don't succeed, then come to me. But never again say *Can't*. Now for the remainder of the example. So much as I have read, Richard has on the board. Those who have been inattentive may copy it on their slates. [*Reads.*] *That the mixture may be worth a dollar a bushel?* [*All the boys give close attention, copying the example on their slates.*] I wish to leave the room a few minutes. I shall expect you to be attentive and to behave yourselves. [*Exit. Boys maintain order and work at the example.*]

J. [*presently.*] I've got it!

H. So have I. Mr. Russe rather got us on that line—

S. Hush! Don't whisper! [*Silence again.*]

[*Enter Mr. Russe.*]

Mr. R. Boys, your conduct pleases me. So let it ever be! How many have finished the example? [*Nearly all raise their hands.*] Very well. Now can you tell me what other lesson you have had this morning?

All. The Straight Mark!

Mr. R. True. And what have you learned by it?

All [*together*]. To be attentive—never say *can't*—keep to the mark!

Mr. R. Will you remember it?

All. Yes, sir.

## FASHIONABLE EDUCATION ; OR, THE ADOPTED CHILD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ :

MRS. BELMONT.

ELLEN, *her eldest daughter.*SOPHIA, *her young daughter, about ten years old.*MARY, *her youngest daughter, about six years old.*JEANNETTE, *her niece.*HESTER FORRESTER, *her adopted child.*MRS. MONTFORT, *a friend of the family.*

MISS HOLDFORTH,

MISS MOONSTRUCK,

MISS FANTASY,

} *three Maiden ladies, members  
of the Ladies' Convention.*

## ACT I.

*(Curtain rises : discovers SOPHIA hemming a handkerchief. MARY rocking her doll in a cradle—both seated on low stools.)**Mary. (Sings to her doll—AIR: "Rest Thee Babe," in Guy Mannering).*

Oh, hush thee, my baby,  
 Thy mother is near,  
 Her eye is upon thee  
 There's nothing to fear.  
 The sun it is sinking  
 In clouds gold and red—  
 The stars they are blinking  
 Around thy young head ;  
 Then hush thee my baby,  
 Thy mother is nigh,  
 No harm can approach thee,  
 Bye, Bye ! Baby, Bye !

*Sophia.* Why, it's only ten o'clocks in the morning, Mary, and you are telling your doll the stars are shining.*Mary.* Oh, I'm only pretending, you know. How long you are doing that work ; when shall you be ready to go and play ?*Sophia.* I've that much more to do, and then Ma said I might go. *(Somebody knocks).* Who's that, I wonder !*(MARY opens the door. MRS. MONTFORT enters. SOPHIA rises and makes a curtsy: MARY sets a chair.)**Mrs. Montfort.* Good morning, Sophia : thank you, Mary, is your mother at home ?*Mary.* I think so, Ma'am, I'll go and call her. *(Goes out.)**Mrs. Montfort.* Very busy, as usual, Sophia ?*Sophia.* Yes ma'am, but I've nearly done now.*(Enter MRS. BELMONT and MARY. The ladies shake hands and seat themselves. The children are seated at the mother's feet.)**Mrs. Belmont.* So you are come back at last ; I'm glad to see you ; you were a long time away.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Yes, I had many things to do, and could not get my business settled so quickly as I wished ; it is three months since I left, and I find many changes within that short time : I hear, too, that our poor friend, David Forrester, is dead.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Alas, yes.

*Mrs. Montfort.* And you have taken charge of Hester ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* I could do no other ; she was left destitute.

*Mrs. Montfort.* It was done like yourself ; but I am afraid you will hardly be able to keep her : such a wilful, spoiled child ; she is quite a contrast to your well regulated family.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Indeed, my dear friend, I do find her very troublesome ; I would not speak of it to any one else, nor even to you, did I not hope you would be able to give the poor child good council : she will listen to you as to a friend of her father ; and indeed unless she alters, I shall not be able to keep her.

*Mrs. Montfort.* I feared as much, though I know how patient you are ; she gives you a great deal of trouble then ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* Indeed yes ! and I'm afraid of her example with the younger ones ; she will not work, she will not study—in fact, she thinks of nothing but dressing up and running down town.

*Mrs. Montfort.* I know she was very badly brought up ; but if she is so much trouble, why not send her away ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* I don't like to do that ; to send a girl like her to the Orphanage or the Poor-house, would be very hard.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Why they would soon find her a place to work out.

*Mrs. Belmont.* But she has not her education yet. I will give her a chance of going to school for a year or two, if she will only not stand in her own light.

*Mrs. Montfort.* You are too patient altogether ; a little experience of how she would be treated in the world might do her a great deal of good. She would be glad enough to come back to you, and behave properly, if you sent her away for a while : but where is Ellen ? I have not seen her yet.

*Mrs. Belmont.* I will send for her.

(Enter JEANNETTE.)

*Jeannette.* O aunt ! the town is full of company ! carriage-fuls and carriage-fuls ! Mayn't I and Hester go out and see the fun ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* No ; Hester must stay at home and cook the dinner. She did nothing all last week but run down town ; she must begin to do better now—it is time ; she must do her work before she goes out.

*Jeannette.* She has no thought of doing any work ; she has been standing at the gate all the morning, watching the carriages as they pass by.

*Mrs. Belmont.* I am afraid you encourage her in her idleness, Jeannette ;

you are a visitor, and have no work to do ; but it makes it very hard for Ellen, when you take Hester away and throw all the work on her.—You can do as you like, but I beg of you not to make Hester more idle than she is already.

*Jeannette.* No need of that, for she does nothing now.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Well, please to tell her to go into the kitchen and prepare the dinner, and send Ellen to me.

(JEANNETTE goes out.)

*Mrs. Belmont.* There's another of my difficulties. My sister went South, and left Jeannette here, and the girl thinks of nothing but pleasure the whole day through. I wonder what people are thinking of when they bring up their children in that-fashion !

*Mrs. Montfort.* The fact is, my dear, people don't think at all at first ; they fancy it is easier to let the children have their own way ; and they put off the trouble of training them, until their self-willed habits have taken root, and then they find out too late that the children are wild, and utterly ignorant of the proper principles of action.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Yet our schools profess to teach everything. I often wonder at the fine names I find in the children's books.

*Mrs. Montfort.* And withal the children grow up undisciplined and untrained, a torment to themselves and a plague to others, thinking of dress and of pleasure as if utterly unconscious of the true aims and duties of life. Ah, here comes an exception to the rule !

(Enter ELLEN. They shake hands, then sit down.)

I'm glad to see you, Ellen. Are you going to the Ladies' Convention to-night ?

*Ellen.* I had not thought of it, but Hester says the city is full of ladies come for that purpose.

*Mrs. Belmont.* But what is this Ladies' Convention about ?

*Mrs. Montfort.* I believe it to be a meeting of ladies to determine concerning women's duties and rights, and the proper principles which should regulate their actions.

*Mrs. Belmont.* If they are going to tell the young mothers to stay at home and bring up their families well, I think they will be doing a good work.

*Mrs. Montfort.* It does not strike me that *that* is exactly their object ; but I see some of them coming up the garden walk, they will explain their own idea.

(MARY runs to open the door. Enter MISS HOLDFORTH, MISS MOONSTRUCK, MISS FANTAST.)

*Miss Holdforth.* Good morning, ladies ; (*Saluting*). Ah ! Mrs. Montfort, I am glad to find you here. You will present us.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Mrs. Belmont, allow me to make you acquainted with

Miss Holdforth, Miss Fantast, and Miss Moonstruck ; and, ladies, these are Mrs. Belmont's daughters, Ellen, Sophia, and Mary.

*Miss Moonstruck.* We are delighted to make such agreeable acquaintance.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Pray be seated, ladies.

(ELLEN and SOPHIA set chairs. The parties are seated in the following positions :)

Left.	Middle.	Right.
(A Piano.)	MRS. BELMONT, MRS. MONTFORT.	(A Screen.)
MISS FANTAST.	SOPHIA, MARY,	MISS HOLDFORTH.
ELLEN.	(at their mother's feet.)	MISS MOONSTRUCK.

*Mrs. Montfort.* I forgot to say, Mrs. Belmont, that these ladies are the most distinguished members of the Ladies' Convention, which is to meet to-night.

*Miss Holdforth.* And to which we beg the honor of your presence, with that of your amiable daughters.

*Mrs. Belmont.* May I ask the object of this Convention, ladies ?

*Miss Moonstruck.* Its object is to cultivate the harmonies of one's being, and to impart a knowledge of *Æsthetics*.

*Miss Fantast.* And to give back to woman that nobility of bearing, and that sense of dignity which so properly belong to her sex.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Might not these two ideas, thus conjoined, have a tendency to induce extravagance of dress, and to lead to pride of deportment ?

*Miss Holdforth.* Not if properly understood, madam. Pride is occasioned by our looking down, and comparing ourselves with those *beneath* us. We, on the contrary, teach the soul to soar above these petty influences, and to aspire to emulate the loftiest models of humanity. We seek, in fact, the expansion of the female mind, and woman's emancipation from slavery, generally.

*Mrs. Belmont.* I thought the negro women were emancipated as well as the men : I am sure it is currently reported so.

(HESTER creep in and hides herself behind the screen, so that she is seen by the audience and hidden from the actresses : she is dressed in dark calico with blue apron and bib.)

*Hester.* (Aside.) The dinner may cook itself ; I'll see what's going on.

*Miss Holdforth.* Pardon me, madam ; but I mean the intellectual emancipation of *white* women. Most women now, are mere domestic drudges ; we would have them fitted for better things than merely cooking and scrubbing.

*Hester.* (Aside.) That's the talk ! Some sense in that woman !

*Mrs. Belmont.* As to that, miss, I frankly confess to you, that I think the error of the present day lies in the other direction. Our ladies are too little domestic for the well-being of their families ; too little inclined to make home happy by those simple and feminine charms which render life pure and attractive.

*Miss Fantast.* "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits." Woman's intellect must be enlarged, madam, if she would develop all the charms with which she can delight society. Home is all very well as a resting-place ; but to develop woman's energies as they should be developed, she must have a field for action, an arena for display. If you will come to our convention to-night, we will prove to you that woman is as capable of taking her part in managing the affairs of the world as man is ; that she is as fit for office, for government and for power.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Without disputing your proposition, Miss, as to our ladies' capabilities, will you allow me to suggest that, it *may be*, woman would do more good to society by exercising those capabilities in the furtherance of other objects than those you have just named. Do you not think that the world is already full enough of mad ambition, and of fearful struggle for power, and that it is a higher office to become the soother of man's passions, the allayer of man's strifes, than to be his abettor in views which often lead to crime ; his competitor in scenes where *might* too often over-rules *the right* ? I wish girls to be well instructed, more especially in the science of self-government that they may rule their own households well, and I wish them to be domestic in their tastes, and to be conversant in all moral duties, that their brothers, fathers, or husbands may have a holy influence to fall back upon when this world's struggle has proved too much for their endurance ; an influence to cheer them and to sustain them by the power of *the good and the true* when earth's blandishments have all proved themselves of *earth*—earthly : and have crumbled into dust beneath their feet.

*Miss Moonstruck.* Even so, madam ; for I confess I cannot see how making puddings and beds can aid even your theory. Even so, madam ; you must give your girls a loftier sentiment of beauty than they can learn in the kitchen. You must teach them to cultivate the *Æsthetics*, to aspire to perfection, to recognize and worship soul-stirring themes that lift the soul above this murky earth :

Who that hath gazed upon the star-lit Heaven,  
 Inhaled the sweetness of the fragrant flower,  
 Or pondered o'er the vast unfathomed deep,—  
 But must have often felt his bosom heave  
 With thoughts unspeakable, while through his frame  
 A thrill of mystic, yet intense delight  
 Pervades his being, lifts his soul on high,  
 Revealing glories of entrancing light,  
 That wrap the soul in beauty, and proclaim  
 That Truth and loveliness find kindred there !

*Hester. (Aside.)* My ! If that ain't grand ! I'll never go into the kitchen again, that I won't !

*Mrs. Belmont.* My children learn their catechism, miss, and read holy books ; I know of no better way to inspire them with high thoughts. They sometimes walk in the garden of an evening to see the stars, but I do not like them to be far from home after dark, or to walk alone to any distance at any time.

*Miss Moonstruck. (Aside.)* The stupid woman ! is that all she has learned from my rhapsody ?

*Miss Holdforth.* I cannot believe, madam, that you would confine so lovely a girl as your eldest daughter, to the common routine of hum-drum life : she must have excitement, action, development.

*Miss Fantast.* Yes, indeed ; with the intelligence that speaks from her bright eyes, she might be trained to be a senator.

*Miss Moonstruck.* Ay, or a poet ! one whose kindling thought,

Makes earth a heaven ; bids the gorgeous star

Illumine depths that to the vulgar eye

But seem all darkness : spreads throughout all space

On Fancy's pinion, peoples it with thoughts

All winged, and beautiful as fairy dreams :

(Goes over and takes Ellen's hand.)

Oh, strive to climb Parnassian heights with me.

*Ellen.* I never was good at climbing, Miss, it takes away my breath.

*Miss Moonstruck. (Aside—returning to her seat.)* The prosaic thing ! did any one ever throw away such fine poetry, on such a log before ?

*Hester. (Aside.)* When she goes away, I'll ask her to take me, instead of Ellen.

*Miss Holdforth. (Goes and fondles the children).* Poor little girls, and must you also be the victims of the narrow views of your maternal relative ?

*Mary.* Victims ! what does she mean by that ?

*Sophia.* I don't know, but its something they kill. Mamma, you are not going to kill us, are you ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* Kill you, why children, what put such nonsense as that into your heads ?

*Mary.* Why she (pointing to Miss Holdforth), called us victims of, something : I forget what.

*Miss Holdforth. (Returns to her seat.)* But really, Madam, when I contemplate your fine family, I can but wish them the highest education that can be given to the female mind.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Why, Miss Holdforth, my friend is remarkable for the struggle she has undergone in giving her children a good education. Our dear Ellen here has already graduated in English ; and in French, Latin, and Music she could stand competition with most girls of her own age.

*Miss Holdforth.* Indeed ! Then that would prove what I said in my



last lecture that there is a way, a technical way, of imparting instruction which forms merely mechanical characters, and does not bring out the finer energies of the soul, or rouse to high ambition. One may teach a dog to dance, or a pig to spell his name, but you cannot bring out *soul* where there is none to bring out.

*Ellen.* Thank you Miss, for the compliment.

*Miss Holdforth.* (*Aside to MRS. MONTFORT.*) Why I did not think she would understand that, when she was so obtuse a while ago !

*Mrs. Montfort.* (*Aside.*) Oh, you'll not find it safe to depend on Ellen's stupidity, I warn you : she was but laughing in her sleeve at Miss Moonstruck's poetry just now.

*Miss Holdforth.* (*Aside to MRS. MONTFORT.*) You don't say so !

*Mrs. Montfort.* (*Aside to MISS HOLDFORTH.*) I do, and mean so too ; Ellen is deeper than you are at all aware ; be on your guard if you do not want her to take you up—she observes everything.

*Miss Fantast.* (*To MRS. BELMONT.*) Well, madam, may we hope you will join our circle to-night ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* I would join anything I thought for my children's real benefit, but as I like them to retire early, and do not think it right to leave them alone in the house, perhaps you will have the goodness to explain your views, that I may correct my own where needed.

*Miss Holdforth.* (*Aside to MRS. MONTFORT.*) Now she talks sense ; I thought I would bring her round.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Take care what you say, nevertheless.

(*Enter JEANNETTE.*)

*Miss Fantast.* And is this another of your family, Mrs. Belmont ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* No ; this is my niece, Jeannette.—Jeannette, these ladies are come to ask you to the Ladies' Convention to-night.

*Jeannette.* Oh, certainly I'll go : 'twill be such fun ;—thank you ladies.

*Miss Holdforth.* (*To MRS. MONTFORT.*) This girl seems of a different calibre to her cousins. She does not put her soul into puddings and pies, I'll warrant you.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Unless when she is eating them ; no, indeed, Jeannette will never fetter herself with domestic cares.

*Miss Fantast.* She is made for some nobler purpose than that. I feel gratified to have obtained *one* elevated subject to work upon.

*Miss Moonstruck.* *One* sympathetic soul, whose every chord

Attuned to harmony, thrills at each touch

And wakes responsive echoes through the spheres :

Ah, who can paint the glow, the rich delight,

That one such soul may shed upon the race

Illuming the darkness shed around.

Sister ! we welcome thee to holy ground !

*Jeannette.* I thank you, miss, whereabouts is it?

*Miss Moonstruck.* Is what?

*Jeannette.* The holy ground you speak of!

*Miss Moonstruck.* These people will set one crazy, they are so stupid!

*Miss Fantast.* Nay, this one only needs development; she has the right kind of spirit for our work: tell me, bright one, does not your soul disdain the household drudgery that doth enslave our sex?

*Jeannette.* Indeed I hate work with all my heart, if that's any recommendation.

*Hester. (Aside.)* Well done, Jeannette: I wish I dared come forward and say as much.

*Miss Holdforth.* You will then enrol yourself among the band who are sworn to break the chains that bind our sex? You will arise with us—be free—and claim your rights?

*Jeannette.* I desire nothing better.

*Miss Moonstruck.* O holy Freedom! if to break the chain  
That binds the captive to the dungeon's gloom,  
Calls pealing forth the poet's noblest strain  
When he ascends from that drear living tomb,—  
O say what raptures should our bosoms swell,  
When from base custom's yoke bursts woman's soul,  
Breaking for aye! the dark unhallowed spell  
That kept her bound beneath proud man's control.  
O sister rise to Freedom, pure and bright,  
And nobly claim your holiest, dearest right!

*Jeannette.* Only tell me how to get the liberty to do as I like, and you may depend on me: there's nothing in the world I desire more.

*Hester. (Aside.)* If I don't find a way of going to live with that woman before long, why, my name is not Hester that's all.

*Mrs. Belmont.* May I ask, ladies, if you think it right to enter a person's house, and, unsolicited, to teach the children to act independently of their guardians? Is it a part of your plan to set the children against their lawful superiors?

*Miss Fantast.* Well no, not exactly: but we would rouse the dormant mind, and teach the children to think.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Think! But in what fashion? It is easy to make children imagine that following their own inclination is good for them: most children prefer not to be under restraint; but if this is to be adopted as a principle, how will they form correct habits—how learn to govern themselves?

*Miss Holdforth.* O give them the right ideas—they will soon learn to apply them.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Excuse me, but I think it is in the application that they

need assistance most ; for I ever find that the idlest minds run off with the wildest notions, and push their ideas to their extremest consequences ; it is easier to be amused by novelty than to form correct habits, or from mere theory, unaided by practice, to deduce correct principles of action. Ellen sit down to the piano, and give these ladies a song, while I go and see how Hester is getting on. (*HESTER runs off as if she were scared.*) It is near twelve o'clock, and these ladies will do us the honor to stay to dinner.

*Miss Moonstruck.* You are very good.

(*MRS. BELMONT goes out with SOPHIA and MARY. ELLEN sings some patriotic or domestic song ; the piece is at the option of the performer, provided it be in keeping with MRS. BELMONT'S sentiments, as expressed through out. On ELLEN'S ceasing, she rises from the piano.*)

*Miss Fantast.* That is very beautiful ; why, my dear, with such a talent as that, you ought to come out on the stage.

*Ellen.* Well, I don't think I should like that altogether, I am not fond of being gazed at.

*Miss Fantast.* But, think of being the admiration of all beholders—of proving what woman can do to enchant the world.

*Miss Moonstruck.* When Sappho struck the lyre

All hearts were won :  
Repressed—each fierce desire ;  
Arrested was the sun  
As on its glowing course it sped along,  
All kindled into rapture by her song.

All hail ! the sacred power to charm the earth  
With strains seraphic of celestial birth ;  
All hail, the muse that can enchant each breast,  
And lull all anxious cares to soothing rest.  
Ellen, we thank thee, for thy charming song,  
Thou must, thou must, to our bright band belong.

*Ellen.* That's as my mother pleases. Here she comes.

(*Enter MRS. BELMONT.*)

Why, what's the matter, mother, you seem in trouble.

*Mrs. Belmont.* In trouble, yes !—Ladies, there's one member of my family, I would willingly resign to your care, if you can do anything with her : She is beyond me altogether : She has a soul above doing any thing *at all*, either useful or ornamental : if you can teach her any thing, I shall be very glad—it is more than I can do. I will pay you for your trouble if you will take charge of her.

*Miss Holdforth.* Who is she, and what has she done ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* She is Hester, my adopted child : she has done nothing : she will do nothing : that's my trouble. I sent her into the kitchen this

morning where Ellen had already prepared every thing for the dinner. Well, ladies, she kindled a very large fire, that much she did do. It must have been a tremendous fire, for it burnt the pastry in the oven to a cinder ; and the soup is boiled away to nothing ; the potatoes are dried up and the meat is spoiled : I asked you to dinner, ladies, I have now no dinner to offer you : it is entirely spoiled :—Meantime, I can't imagine where the girl is, for the fire is nearly out now, and the things are still on the stove. Hester has a soul above (OR BELOW,) doing any useful work, that is evident ; can you do anything with her ?

*Miss Holdforth.* I'd like to see the girl, and then we shall be better able to judge. Where is she ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* That's just what I do not know : I could not find her any where : Jeannette and Ellen, do you go and see if you can find her.

(*Exeunt JEANNETTE and ELLEN.*)

*Miss Fantast.* Probably, madam, it is as you say, she has a soul above the drudgery of kitchen life.

*Mrs. Belmont.* She has very little of it ; Ellen does it nearly all. But Hester is above every thing ; she will neither work nor study.

*Miss Holdforth.* Probably knowledge is not presented to her in a sufficiently attractive form : some minds are so drawn to the beautiful, to the *Æsthetic*, that they are repelled by aught that falls short of that sublime ideal to which they have learned to aspire.

*Miss Moonstruck.* The beautiful ! Ah ! who can tell

The gladness it doth bring ?

The beautiful ! All bosoms swell

When with an angel's wing

It scintillates upon our path,

Illuminates our way—

Such power its fascination hath

To brighten Earth's dull clay :—

Oh, dear madam, do not misjudge this poor girl, if, for once, she has turned aside from the useful, to approach nearer to the glories of Heaven.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Meantime, we are without our dinner.

*Miss Holdforth.* Well, that is an evil, I must confess.

(*Enter ELLEN and JEANNETTE.*)

*Jeannette.* Aunt, we can't find Hester, though we hunted everywhere—high and low, up-stairs and down. But I'll tell you what we did find : a jar of preserves open up-stairs nearly all gone, with a piece of bread and lots of crumbs. Then Ellen's silk dress and bonnet are gone, and your gold chain and bracelets.—Hester's calico dress that she wore this morning is on the floor :—This looks as if Hester had taken her lunch, and made off in Ellen's dress.

*Miss Fantast.* She probably thought the fresh air outside better for her health, than the heated atmosphere of the kitchen :—

*Mrs. Belmont.* (*Sarcastically*)—And that my daughter's silk dress was prettier than her own ; to say nothing of the chain and bracelets.

*Miss Holdforth.* Why as to that, we had already decided that she had a taste for the *Æsthetics*.

*Mrs. Belmont.* And is that a reason for appropriating other people's property ?

*Miss Fantast.* She probably believed herself at home, and rather borrowed than appropriated a becoming dress :—It is natural for girls to like to set themselves off.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Well, ladies, as you seem to make every kind of excuse for her, all I can beg of you is to take her under your own charge and do the best you can with her.

*Miss Fantast.* Yes, if we could but find her.

*Jeannette.* Oh, she's somewhere down town, I'll be bound. I'll find her if you want her, that is, if aunt will let me go out and see.

*Mrs. Belmont.* We will all go and seek her as soon as we have followed her example, and taken some bread and preserves for our luncheon ; it is all we have left, now that she has burnt up the dinner.

(*The curtain falls. End of 1st Act.*)

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*MRS. BELMONT sitting alone in deep meditation.*

(*Enter MARY, leading in MRS. MONTFORT.*)

*Mary.* Here's Mrs. Montfort, mamma.

*Mrs. Montfort.* You seem quite dejected to-day, my dear friend.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Indeed yes, the old grievance ; I do not know what to do with Hester.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Why, I thought she was boarding with the ladies of the Convention.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Yes, she has been there these six weeks ; ever since that unlucky day when they made their first call on me, and she ran away ; —it seems she intended to go to them when she did so, as she laid wait for them 'till they went back. Our long search was in vain. She hid herself 'till they were alone, then she went and asked them to take her ; and as I had promised to pay for her, they consented and sent to let me know she was with them.

*Mrs. Montfort.* And she has been there ever since ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* Yes, I thought it better to let her try their system, as I could do nothing with her.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Then what's the trouble ; is she not happy there ?”

*Mrs. Belmont.* I do not know ; I have never seen her since ; I thought it better to let her alone for a while, and I did not wish to give my children the habit of running in and out among that set of ladies ; but I think I shall send Jeannette to-day to see how Hester is going on.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Yes, she will talk to Jeannette freely ; they were great friends ; but have you any reason to suppose any thing is going wrong ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* She is very often running the streets alone ; and I heard yesterday that she had been seen at balls, and even at the theatre, quite alone.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Alone ! Why, how did she get the money to go alone ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* That's just what puzzles me : I am afraid I did wrong in letting her stay with these women ; but when she ran away in the manner she did, I really did not know what to do for the best.

*Mrs. Montfort.* You could scarcely do otherwise, unless you sent her quite away from your protection ; her conduct was as bad as it could be.—You take the matter too much to heart altogether : put Hester out of your head and tell me of your own family.—I hear that Ellen got the prize for an Essay on Woman's Duties—is that so ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* Yes, the Committee sent her word to that effect yesterday. The essay she wrote was very much admired.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Well, now that must console you for your other disappointments. Ellen is a fine girl, and a credit to your mode of education, while poor Hester has been spoiled from youth up, and has had bad example besides.

*Mrs. Belmont.* That's true, and that thought must make me patient with her. She really does not know what *good* is, and it would be a great charity if we could teach her. I will send Jeannette to see about her to-day.

*Mrs. Montfort.* I see there's no persuading you not to fret about her ; but indeed if she had robbed my house as she has yours, I should think I had done much by not handing her over to the sheriff.

*Mrs. Belmont.* You must not belie yourself ; I am sure you would have been more compassionate to a poor orphan girl, whose very faults render her more and more an object of pity.

*Mrs. Montfort.* Well, I wish you better luck next time, if you really intend to try to keep her again.

SCENE II.—*A toilet room—large pier glass and table covered with essences, etc.* HESTER alone, fantastically dressed, practising airs and graces before the glass.

*Hester.* I think I'll give this cheek a little red,  
I'm rather pale to-day : that's not so well :—

I wonder where Miss Moonstruck keeps her rouge :—

*(She looks all about for it, takes up the bottles, smells them, scents her handkerchief, etc.)*

Tis strange none of my friends should ever call,

Tis now six weeks since I have left them all.

Miss Moonstruck thinks it odd, and so do I—

Have they forgotten my identity ?

*(Finds the rouge and white in a drawer, takes them and paints herself.)*

*(JEANNETTE enters unperceived, and stands in mute astonishment.)*

Hester. There, that will do ; now I think I'm beautiful !

Jeannette. Quite beautiful ! Why, Hester, is that you ? I shouldn't have known you again ! What on earth are you doing ? *(takes up the rouge pot.)* Why, 'tis rouge, I declare ! And white too ! Why you don't mean to say you paint !

Hester. Not at all, my fair friend ; you should choose your language better : I am only cultivating the *Æsthetics*.

Jeannette. And does Miss Moonstruck allow that ?

Hester. Why, she does it herself ; how did you think she always contrived to have such a beautiful complexion without the rouge and the white.

Jeannette. Is that what she means by the *Æsthetics* ?

Hester. Part of it, only part of it. She means every thing beautiful by that : false hair, false teeth, a pad here and a pad there—every thing that makes us look nice belongs to the *Æsthetics*. *(They sit down.)*

Jeannette. Well, that's great ! In that way, one may be young-looking all one's life !—Well, Hester, how do you like yourself here ?

Hester. Oh, well enough ; but why didn't you come and ask that question before ?

Jeannette. Oh, my aunt wouldn't let me. She said the system should be fairly tried before any one interfered with you. What do you do all day ? Do you study any thing besides the *Æsthetics* ?

Hester. Well, yes ; sometimes I study attitudes and effects, and woman's rights.

Jeannette. And is it one of woman's rights to paint herself.

Hester. Yes, if she chooses to do so. Freedom is her right.—She may do what she likes and say what she pleases :—if she is satisfied, no one has a right to find fault.

Jeannette. Well, I like that—that sounds reasonable ; but say, Hester, who does the work here while you and the rest of the party do as you like ?

Hester. There's no work to be done : we board out.

Jeannette. But somebody cooks in the boarding house, I suppose ; you don't eat raw meat and undressed vegetables, do you ? Is that a part of your *Æsthetics* ?

*Hester.* Why, no ! our meals are always cooked of course.

*Jeannette.* Then somebody does it. Why don't you tell that somebody she ought to have a soul above such work ?

*Hester. (Aside.)* There, now she has me ; what shall I answer to that ?

*Jeannette.* Well, Hester, why don't you answer my question ?

*Hester. (Pompously.)* Oh, my dear, you don't understand the thing ; some people are made for the sole purpose of drudgery : they have no aspiration, no sublimity : it takes a peculiar elevation of soul—

*(Imitates Miss MOONSTRUCK,)*

To rise above this scene of murky earth  
To Alpine heights, and float with fleecy clouds  
Serene above the petty joys of clay.

*Jeannette.* I'm glad to hear, at least, that we are likely always to find somebody who will cook our dinners for us. 'Twould not be nice to find our dinners spoiled on the stove every day. Hey, Hester ?

*Hester.* Not exactly, but never fear. There will always be a sufficient number of *common* people to do the cooking and scrubbing.

*Jeannette.* I hope so ; and it is to be hoped, too, that they won't turn restive, and refuse to cook for the sublime people whose souls are above working, but whose bodies are not above eating ; that would be very awkward for such as you and me !

*Hester. (Aside.)* How disagreeable she is getting to be ! *(Aloud.)* Why, Jeannette, you used to be no fonder of work than myself. Though I do not remember that *(Oratorically.)*

The poet's eye in its fine frenzy glancing  
From earth to heaven, its glowing orbs to trace,  
While wondrous power all spirit-life entrancing,  
Fills up each void and occupies all space—  
E'er filled *your* soul with its enraptured bliss,  
And showed you joys it would be death to miss !

And if so, you cannot judge of what you do not understand.

*Jeannette. (Laughing and clapping her hands.)* Bravo, Hester ; you'll do for a stage actress : but tell me in earnest, what do you study here ; my aunt is very anxious about your education.

*Hester.* Well, the instruction I receive is much of it *oral* : I catch my poetic inspirations from Miss Moonstruck, and I constantly attend Miss Holdforth's lectures. And these, you see, are on all subjects ; so I learn every thing.

*Jeannette.* Learn from once hearing ! You must be double-extra clever, or do you take notes, and learn them by heart, or how do you manage ?

*Hester. (Pompously.)* Safe in the tablet of my memory  
Do I retain those burning words of fire  
That wake the soul to high and noble deeds,



And bid each thrilling feeling to aspire  
 To bask within the harmonies of light,  
 And cast aside the darksome shades of night.

*Jeannette.* That sounds grand ; but to say the truth, I don't quite understand it.

*Hester.* (*Proudly.*) I hope you don't expect me to lower my ideas to the level of your understanding, after being six weeks in the society of the most enlightened women on the face of the earth.

*Jeannette.* 'Pon my word, Hester, you're coming it grand. But now couldn't you tell me something about Miss Holdforth's lectures that I could understand.

*Hester.* Well, I'll try ; let me see ! One night last week she said : (*declaiming*)—my friends, my very dear friends, we go a long way and take much pains to find out wisdom, and make a great talk about it, and use grand words, and all to little purpose are our pains ! for wisdom, let me tell you, lies in a nut-shell, or rather it lies in your own nature, if you will only seek it there :—Nature is grand, Nature is good, Nature is beautiful, but above all, Nature is *true* ; consult your nature, then, my friends, and act according to its dictates, and you will acquire wisdom without books, and without dimming those bright eyes by lamp-light study, when their beams should be dispensing happiness to man.

*Jeannette.* Well, that suits me to a T. I should like to come and live with you, why you must be as happy as a bird.

*Hester.* Sometimes, but sometimes I can't get what I want, and that bothers me.

*Jeannette.* Why, what do you want ?

*Hester.* Why sometimes I want to go to a ball, or to the opera, and I can't always get the money.

*Jeannette.* Well, I suppose not, it takes a good deal to go often.

*Hester.* Yes, it takes *management*, I tell you ; but it is our duty to content our natures you know, and my nature is to like to go to such places.

*Jeannette.* But do you go often ?

*Hester.* That's my secret : if you ask no questions, you'll have no lies. Tell me about Mrs. Belmont and Ellen.

*Jeannette.* They are all well. Ellen is hard at study as usual ; she got a prize for an essay she wrote last week. They say it has attracted considerable attention, and she writes poetry too.

*Hester.* Well, that's strange, seeing that she is a good cook, and can make her own clothes.

*Jeannette.* Well, you see she is always busy, and she does not read novels, nor take much time to dress herself, and that makes a great difference.

Hester. No she has no taste for the *Æsthetics*.

Jeannette. I don't know that : she is very tasty about house, cultivates flowers, draws well, and paints beautifully. I don't mean herself, but fine pictures : now if that is not what you call cultivating the *beautiful—the Æsthetics*, as you fine ladies term it, please to tell me what it is.

Hester. Well, indeed, you may place it under that head if you wish to do so, though I confess I cannot think so highly of Ellen Belmont as you do.

Jeannette. Why not, is it because she is *useful* as well as ornamental ?

Hester. Don't bother me about her ; I don't care what she is. (*She pulls her pocket handkerchief out of her pocket,—several trinkets fall out. Aside.*) Dear me, I forgot I had put them into my pocket handkerchief.

Jeannette. (*Picks them up.* O Hester, what a fine brooch, what sweet bracelets, what—

Hester. Give them to me—don't touch them : give them to me—quick, quick.

Jeannette. What's the harm of my looking at them ? Let me have them a minute or two.

Hester. (*Violently.*) No, no,—give them to me, I say ! (*She snatches them from JEANNETTE.*)

Jeannette. Now, that's what I call uncivil, I don't think you've learned manners, Hester, with all your *Æsthetics*.

Hester. Well, I'm in a hurry now, another time I'll show them to you, perhaps.

Jeannette. Why, what's your hurry about, you did not seem to be in a hurry just now.

Hester. Why, I want to go out before Miss Moonstruck comes in. Let's go on the street, and see what's going on.

Jeannette. With all my heart, but here's Miss Holdforth.

(*Enter Miss HOLDFORTH, reading a pamphlet. She does not see the girls, but sits down in a chair, musingly. JEANNETTE stands staring at her.*)

Hester. (*Aside.*) Now I can make my escape finely. (*Goes out.*)

Miss Holdforth. The prize essay on Woman ! but no name to it. The bookseller said the girl who wrote it was but eighteen years old. She must have been helped, for there were lots of competitors. I wonder did my essay get lost, or was it overlooked, or how ? I am sorry now that I put my name to it, since it did not get the prize : so many essays were sent without a name. Well, let us see what it says. (*Reads.*) "The constitution of society is such that a ruling power is essentially necessary somewhere." (Well, I suppose so !) (*Turns over a page. Reads.*) "I hope to be able to demonstrate clearly that it were a fatal error for woman to attempt to rival man in the endeavor to attain that power." (Hm ! why ? I should like to know.) (*Reads.*) "Rather it is woman's

vocation to use her influence to stem the torrent of ambition's madness, and work upon the worldly element she comes in contact with, to temper and refine, to exalt and ennoble." (Hm !) "Woman's office it is to soften the hard empire of materialism, and of selfishness, in the heart of man, by the exhibition of milder graces, and by the silent eloquence of a self-sacrificing spirit : and could woman once be brought to realise the beauty of this, her true vocation, she would not seek to barter it for this world's blandishments. 'Tis true that when she does seek it, and endeavors to fulfil it—

She often must experience neglect,  
For outward show is all that charms the world ;  
'Tis true she must renounce the glare of pride,  
For fame and glory lie not in *her* path,  
Who seeks to penetrate the inner life,  
To fill an angel's office. Passions checked  
And egotism stifled, make no noise  
Amid the stirring strife of restless men,  
Although the fruit be joy and peace and *love*.

(*Lays the paper down.*) It is not badly written ; but who would have thought that a committee of ladles would have given the prize to such sentiments as these. I wonder who wrote it ?

*Jeannette.* Well, I can tell you that.—I heard it before it was sent in.

*Miss Holdforth.* You heard it, Jeannette ?

*Jeannette.* Why yes, our Ellen wrote it, and read it aloud to her mother and me before she forwarded it to the Committee.

*Miss Holdforth.* Not possible !

*Jeannette.* 'Tis true though ; our Ellen knows something, though you did call her a learned pig, and a dancing dog.

*Miss Holdforth.* Oh, Jeannette, you must forget that ; I didn't mean what I said in that sense.

(*Enter MISS MOONSTRUCK.*)

*Miss Moonstruck.* Ah, Miss Holdforth, you here already ? What have you got there ? The prize essay on Woman ? *You* won it, of course.

*Miss Holdforth.* Oh, this is not mine : it is quite a different way of treating the subject to the one I adopt. Jeannette says it is Ellen Belmont's.

*Miss Moonstruck.* Ellen Belmont carry off the prize against you, that's too absurd !—You don't expect me to believe that !

*Miss Holdforth.* Oh, you know, the Belmont's have great influence in the city ;—interest and influence carry everything before them.

*Jeannette.* But Ellen did not put her name to it, and no one knew it was hers until after the prize was awarded.

*Miss Holdforth.* You may say so.

*Jeannette.* But I know so too.

(*MISS MOONSTRUCK looks all around uneasily, under papers and books, into drawers, &c.*)

*Miss Holdforth.* What's the matter, Miss Moonstruck, have you lost anything?

*Miss Moonstruck.* I can't find my brooch and bracelets; yet I left them in this drawer last night.

*Miss Holdforth.* Do you mean the ones you bought last week?

*Miss Moonstruck.* Yes, it is odd how many things I have lost lately.

*Jeannette.* What sort of a brooch was it, Miss?

*Miss Moonstruck.* A white cameo brooch.

*Jeannette.* And were the bracelets of Amethysts?

*Miss Moonstruck.* Yes, where did you see them?

*Jeannette.* (*Hesitates.*) I think—I think—I am not sure—I think—

*Miss Moonstruck.* (*Impatiently.*) What do you think, say quick.

*Jeannette.* I am not sure, but I think I saw them with Hester.

*Miss Moonstruck.* With Hester, not possible!

*Jeannette.* Well, may be it wasn't. (*Aside.*) I'll go: there's something wrong about this. I'll go and tell my aunt about it: these women are like enough to raise a fuss. (*She goes out.*)

*Miss Moonstruck.* It cannot be that Hester took my brooch,

So base a deed would mark an evil mind.

I'll not believe it. Sure it can't be true.

*Miss Holdforth.* I don't see why it shouldn't be true: you insisted on taking charge of the girl, whose only recommendation was that she admired your poetry; and you knew for certain that she had stolen her friend's dress and trinkets.

*Miss Moonstruck.* Not stolen, only borrowed—poor, oppressed,

And friendless. I but stood between her misery

And tyranny that bore her to the ground.

Yourself abetted the all-generous deed!

*Miss Holdforth.* (*Aside.*) The generosity, as she calls it, was well paid for, or Miss Moonstruck would have had no hand in it. (*Aloud.*) I thought the girl capable of learning something: but you have let her read so many novels that she is completely spoiled for science, and she is so idle she lies in bed with her darling novels for half-a-day at a time. If she did not get hungry, she would scarcely get up at all.

*Miss Moonstruck.* You are to blame for that: you bade her content her nature, and when I reason with her she tells me so.

*Miss Holdforth.* There are more ways than one of construing that doctrine. Her *highest* nature, of course, I meant.

(*Enter HESTER.*)

*Miss Moonstruck.* Where have you been to, Hester?

*Hester.* Down town.

*Miss Moonstruck.* And for what purpose ?

*Hester.* 'Cause I wanted to.

*Miss Moonstruck.* Hester, you are not polite ; now tell me have you seen my brooch and bracelets ?

*Hester.* Have you lost them ?

*Miss Moonstruck.* Yes, where did you see them last ?

*Hester.* Didn't you wear them yesterday ?

*Miss Moonstruck.* Yes, and left them here last night, but here I do not find them.

*Hester.* Maybe they're in your room.

*Miss Moonstruck.* No ! I tell you I left them here last night.

*Hester.* Then they should be here now—let us have a good search for them. (*Pretends to look everywhere for them, and makes a great fuss, turning everything over.*)

*Miss Moonstruck.* (*To Miss Holdforth, aside.*) It is impossible to believe that she took them ; look how earnest she is.

*Miss Holdforth.* (*Aside to Miss Moonstruck.*) I would not answer for her, nevertheless : there is a look about her lately I do not like.

(*Enter MISS FANTAST.*)

*Miss Fantast.* What are you all about ?

*Miss Moonstruck.* I've lost my brooch and bracelets. I left them here last night, and—

*Miss Fantast.* And you have set Hester to find them for you. Well, that's right enough but it's not *here* that she had better look for them,—she knows that well enough.

*Miss Moonstruck.* Not here !

*Miss Fantast.* No, she knows very well they are not here. Hester, what were you doing in the pawn-broker's shop, just now ?

*Miss Holdforth.* A pawn-broker's shop ?

*Miss Fantast.* Even so ! and not the first visit she has paid there lately. I have my news from sure authority !

*Miss Holdforth.* Why Hester, what does this mean. A pawn-broker's shop is not a very reputable place for a young girl to be seen in. (*Takes hold of her.*) Come, confess now.

(*Enter MRS. BELMONT and ELLEN.*)

*Mrs. Belmont.* Ladies, I'm come to enquire about my ward : you volunteered to take charge of her, and I fear, from Jeannett's account, she's in a bad way.—I came to tell you I intend to withdraw her from your care.

*Miss Moonstruck.* She must find my brooch and bracelets first.

*Miss Fantast.* Search her pockets. (*She also takes hold of HESTER, who stamps and tries to get away.*)

*Miss Holdforth.* We'll hold her, Miss Moonstruck, do you search her.

*Hester.* (*Breaks loose.*) I have not got your jewelry, I say.

*Mrs. Belmont.* (*Takes her hand kindly.*) Hester, restore what is not yours.

*Hester.* I have not got it, I say.

(*MISS FANTAST and MISS HOLDFORTH pinion her. MISS MOONSTRUCK empties her pocket.*)

*Miss Moonstruck.* Here are no jewelries, but some money and an opera ticket.

*Miss Fantast.* The visit to the pawn-broker's is accounted for.

*Miss Moonstruck.* Ingrate !

*Miss Holdforth.* Do you hold her, I will go for a policeman. She shall sleep in jail to-night.

*Miss Moonstruck.* 'Twill be good enough for her. (*Takes hold of HESTER.*)

*Miss Fantast.* Indeed 'tis just what she deserves.

(*HESTER breaks away, and throws herself on her knees before MRS. BELMONT.*)

*Hester.* O Mrs. Belmont, save me !

*Mrs. Belmont.* Ladies, one word before you proceed to harsh measures. You took this poor orphan girl into your house *knowing her character* : but *not* from charity ; you came to me and told me you had found her, and that as *I* had failed, *you* would reclaim her, if I paid for her education. I was willing to try : I paid you well, and, dressed in stolen clothes, she remained with you. You have not reformed her, and now you would send her to jail, for doing another act of the same kind that you knew of. Let me ask : did you endeavor to make her understand that she had done wrong in the first instance ?

*Hester.* (*Still sobbing at MRS. BELMONT'S feet.*) No, they didn't, Ma'am ; they laughed, and treated it as a joke, and a good one too.

*Mrs. Belmont.* If this is true, ladies, what have you done to reform this unhappy girl ?

*Miss Moonstruck.* We tried to teach the harmonies of all

The laws that rule in this terrestrial ball.

*Miss Holdfast.* I was in hopes, Madam, that science would soon displace frivolity, and cure each mental ailment.

*Miss Fantast.* And *I* that a sense of her own dignity of womanhood would keep her in the right path.

*Mrs. Belmont.* And your receipts have failed. You have experienced that mere intellectual culture, mere love of the beautiful, will not of themselves eradicate baneful habits, or infuse high moral principle : the heart must be touched, the feeling of *duty* awakened, the soul be aroused to recognise and acknowledge its responsibilities, and be rendered willing to submit to the discipline necessary to form habits that lead to virtue. I will again try what good counsel and good example may effect : but, in

the name of *justice*, ladies, I ask you to release your prisoner. You can have no right to detain her on your own principles. You have simply failed to do what I have paid you to do, for I cannot discover that you took any pains at all to instil the love of virtue,—to awaken the horror for vice. I consider myself, therefore, the aggrieved party.

*Hester.* (*Rising and looking round.*) And did you pay these women for my board ?

*Mrs. Belmont.* I did, when I lost the hope of making you good myself.

*Hester.* And I believed they took me in from kindness, and to shield me from oppression.

*Mrs. Belmont.* You will not find much of that sort of kindness in this hard world ; at least among those who are utter strangers to you. Now, get your bonnet and come home with me.

*Miss. Moonstruck.* No ; I must have my jewels back again ere she depart. She hath the best purloined, and wore them once ; of that I am convinced.

*Miss Fantast.* That is but just. *Mrs. Belmont,* Hester must return the stolen goods or be sent to jail. (*Aside.*) We will get what we can out of the old woman.

(*HESTER weeps and throws herself into ELLEN's arms. ELLEN takes her on one side and says :*)

*Ellen.* Now, dear Hester, speak the truth : what have you stolen, and what are they worth ?

*Hester.* What I took to-day she paid fifty dollars for last week.

*Ellen.* And did you take anything before ?

*Hester.* Yes ; some rings worth twenty-five dollars.

*Ellen.* You are sure that was all ?

*Hester.* All that belonged to her ; the gold chain and bracelets belonged to your mother, you know. Oh, Ellen ! will she, will you ever forgive me ? Ever, ever ?

*Ellen.* If we thought you would not do so again we would never remember the past against you. Say, Hester, will you really try to be good for the time to come ?

*Hester.* I will ; indeed I will. I will try hard to be like you. O, can you save me, Ellen ?

*Ellen.* I will try. Mamma, I have in my purse the prize money paid me yesterday. If you will give Hester another trial, I will buy her off.

*Mrs. Belmont.* (*Grasping her daughter's hand.*) My best Ellen !

*Ellen.* Ladies, you will gain little by sending Hester to jail. I will pay you for your things if you will drop the matter, and let her go home with me.

*Miss Moonstruck.* Pay me one hundred dollars, and the bargain is made.

*Mrs. Belmont.* No, madam ; your trinkets cost but seventy-five. If

you decline Ellen's proposal, I will accompany Hester to the police office, explain the circumstances under which you took her, with your mode of reformation, and try to beg her off, on the score of the temptations to which she was exposed. Will that suit you better?

*Miss Moonstruck.* Oh, no, I do not desire to expose the girl; pay down the money and Hester shall be free.

(ELLEN pays the money. HESTER comes forward.)

*Hester.* Be Free! Blest sound, ay, free! But not again

Free to do *evil*; or occasion pain

To those who love the *right*, who *mercy* show,

And by their kindness make a Heaven below.

O, generous friends, what words would e'er repay

The deed of mercy you have done this day,

To welcome home the erring child of woe,

And every thought of recompense forego!

Her waywardness by mercy reconciled

Forgiveness granted to the long-lost child!

One lasting thanksgiving my life shall prove

Thus in warm earnest to requite your love.

Away! false tinsel dreams of vanity,

Away! foul sloth!—false pride, a long farewell!

Henceforth be mine to don humility,

Nor seek in peacock's plumes the crowd to swell,

Of those who make confusion on the earth,

And to all pride and misery give birth!

Welcome, sweet Virtue, in thy russet gown!

Welcome, sweet Industry! thy joyous tone

And voice melodious ever brings us peace;—

Sweet peace of soul!—From vice a blest release;—

True happiness in *duty* will be found;

*That well performed, makes Home the holy ground.*

(To the Audience—Comes more forward.)

And now, dear friends, we bid you all farewell.

Our task is done. We've done our best to please.

With your kind cheers your approbation tell,

And thus our anxious feelings set at ease.

Kindly we bid you all a sweet good-night;

Calm be your slumbers, and your visions bright.

(Curtains—curtain drops.)



## THE "ETA PI SOCIETY."—A DIALOGUE.

## CHARACTERS:

PERCY JOHNSON, *a good scholar.*  
 CHARLIE SCOTT, *a smart boy.*  
 WILLIE WHITE, *a small boy.*  
 GEORGE LEE,  
 HENRY ROGERS, } *classmates of Johnson.*  
 MR. HUNTER, *teacher.*

SCENE—*The Playroom of the Linden Grammar-school.*

*Present*—SCOTT, ROGERS, LEE, and WHITE.

*Rogers.* I say, boys, what did Johnson want us all to stop for, to-night?

*Scott* Oh, most likely he has found some yard and a half long example in "Partial Payments," which he thinks will be *very interesting* for us all to try this evening. Be sure you all have your slates and pencils ready.

*R.* I'm off, then. I thought there was some fun on hand.

[*Enter PERCY JOHNSON.*]

*Percy.* Don't go yet, Henry; there is some fun on hand. What do you say, boys, to forming a society among ourselves, a *secret society*?

*S.* I'm in for it.

*Rogers and Lee.* So am I.

*Willie White.* What is a *secret society*?

*L.* Why, don't you know? they all wear badges.

*R.* Yes, and they have secret signs that nobody else understands, like the Free Masons, and they never tell anybody their secrets.

*S.* Good reason why; they don't know any.

*L.* Oh, they do. My father is a Free Mason, and he always looks as if he knew something.

*S.* That must be where his son gets his brilliant expression.

*L.* I'll give you a "brilliant expression," Charlie Scott, if you don't hold up.

*J.* Come, come, boys; we haven't any time for that sort of play. If you're in favor of having a society, the first thing to do is to organize.

*W.* Shall we have badges, Percy?

*J.* Yes; pins, I think, with the initials of the society engraved on them.

*S.* Will you have the kindness to inform your humble servant what the initials of the society might be?

*J.* Well, I suppose we ought to choose a name for the society; and the fun is in having a name that will not denote the character of the society; and so some secret societies, especially in colleges, have taken two or three Greek letters for their names.

*L.* Is that what they do it for? I always wondered. Cousin James used belong to the "Alpha Delta Phi Society," when he was in college.

R. But I don't see how we are going to have any Greek letters ; we don't know any thing about Greek.

J. (*producing a book.*) But I have an old Greek grammar that I found at home the other day, in which all the letters are spelled out in English. (*LEE and SCOTT advance and look over the book, which PERCY opens.*)

L. But how shall we know how to pronounce them, any way ?

S. Oh, take some that are easy. Here's one, Pi. Pi couldn't spell any thing else.

J. And here's another, Eta. Let's have it the "Eta Pi Society."

S. No ; the "Pi Eta Society," and then we shall all be *pie-eaters*.

J. I think "Eta Pi Society" would sound better.

L. So do I.

J. All in favor of having the society called "The Eta Pi Society" may signify it by saying "Ay."

*All except Scott.* Ay !

J. All opposed, by saying "No."

S. No, *sir* !

R. Charlie wants to be a "pie-eater."

L. He's that safe enough already, when he can get any pie to eat.

J. Now, let's form our constitution.

W. Our what ?

J. Our constitution. The Society must have a constitution and "by-laws."

S. I propose for a *buy* law, that the society buy their pie at Brooks's bakery.

R. Keep still, Charlie Scott.

J. That motion is out of order ! Will any one propose a *by-law*, such as societies generally have ?

L. My sister is president of a secret society at boarding-school, and I saw a list of their "by-laws" once, and this was one : "Every member of the society shall introduce every other member of the society to all her gentlemen friends in the city."

J. Oh, fudge ! That's a girl's secret society. We don't want any such nonsense.

[*Enter MR. HUNTER.*]

Mr. H. Why, boys ! Haven't you gone yet ? It is nearly five.

W. We stopped to form a secret society.

S. Yes, sir, the "Eta Pi Society" has had the honor of being formed this afternoon.

Mr. H. You have had a hand in this, Percy ; haven't you ?

J. Yes, sir. Do you think it very foolish ?

Mr. H. By no means. I think it a very good thing for you to start

the society, and I hope you will make it a good thing to belong to it. What do you propose to do as a society?

*S.* Eat a pie, sir.

*J.* We have not decided yet what to do. I don't believe we would all agree to have it entirely a *literary society*; but wouldn't it be a good thing to be connected in this way, even if it is not a literary society?

*Mr. H.* Very good, indeed. One of the best things about any society is the promotion and cultivation of a brotherly feeling. But another and better characteristic consists in making the standard of admission and membership so high that it is really an honor to belong to it. I could wish the "Eta Pi Society" nothing better than that refinement of manners, superiority of scholarship, and integrity of morals should ever be synonymous with membership.

*W.* I move that Mr. Hunter be our president.

*S.* I second that motion.

*J.* The motion is made and seconded that—

*Mr. H.* Hold, boys. Not so fast. Allow me to decline your kindness; and, while I shall always hold myself ready to be of service to you, especially in the matter of organizing, I think you will enjoy your society more, and it will be better for you to depend entirely on yourselves. How often do you propose to meet?

*J.* Every week.

*R. and L.* Every week!

*W.* I don't believe I can come, if it's in the evening.

*S.* Oh, he can't go out nights; can he, poor dear! The apron-strings are not quite long enough. (*He pats Willie on the shoulder.*)

*W.* Let me alone, Charlie Scott. I'm not tied to my mother's apron-strings any more than you, only I don't twitch them so hard; and, besides, my mother doesn't wear strings to her apron, she wears a hook and button.

*S.* (*holding his sides.*) Oh, me! Does she hook the button, or button the hook?

*Mr. H.* After the "Eta Pi Society" is formed, I shall not expect to hear such remarks from you, Charlie. You know what I think of boys who feel too big to mind their mothers, and not big enough to despise plaguing little boys.

*J.* But do you think we have a nice name for our society?

*Mr. H.* Yes. The name alone means nothing; but in connection with the society, you can make it mean a great deal. Allow me to ask you to hold your next meeting at my house, a week from to-night, and, meanwhile, let each draw up such "by-laws" as he thinks would be appropriate to the society. They will be all the better for a week's thought. And now, good-night, and a long life to the "Eta Pi Society!"

*All.* Good-night, sir!

*S.* Ne'er a pie!

THE ROCKVILLE PETITION.

CHARACTERS :

MR. EASTON, <i>Editor of the Rockville Journal.</i>	MISS TWITCHEL, }	<i>Maiden ladies.</i>
MRS. EASTON, <i>Editor's wife.</i>	MISS SPRING, }	
MRS. PILLSBURY, <i>Doctor's wife.</i>	EMMA LINCOLN, a school girl, daughter of	
MRS. LINCOLN, <i>Merchant's wife.</i>	OFFICE BOY.	[ <i>Mrs. L.</i>
MRS. BARNARD, <i>an old lady somewhat deaf.</i>	SERVANT.	

SCENE I.—LOCATION—Street. TIME—Morning.

(Enter Miss SPRING and MR. EASTON, from opposite sides of the stage.)

Miss S. (extending both hands.) Oh! Mr. Easton! I am delighted to meet you!

Mr. E. (lifting his hat.) Good morning, Miss Spring: (Passes by.)

Miss S. (turning.) Now don't be in such a hurry, Mr. Easton, I was just wishing to see you a moment.

Mr. E. I am at your service, Miss Spring.

Miss S. Well now; you know its the day for the *Journal*; why can't you tell me if there is any news from Washington? I am dying to know.

Mr. E. Really, Miss Spring, from your appearance, I should not judge such to be the case.

Miss S. How provoking you are! Now do tell me if you have heard any news from Washington lately.

Mr. E. Yes, quite important news.

Miss S. (clapping her hands.) Oh! you charming creature! What is it?

Mr. E. Colorado is to be the thirty-fifth State.

Miss S. Now, that's too bad! You know I don't care about that, Tell me if our petition has been heard from, and if there will be anything in the *Journal* about it?

Mr. E. I am sorry if you care so little about your country, that the admission of a new State is of no importance. As for the *Journal*, that will be issued as usual, at three P. M., and until that time it is not public property; but if you will excuse me now, I will promise to send you the first copy that is struck off, fifteen minutes before another paper leaves the office. (Exit.)

Miss S. Oh! I am all in a flutter. I know there is a telegram from Washington. His looks showed it; and to think, that I almost made him tell me. I wonder if I could overtake him. Mr. Easton! (running out). Mr. East—on!

SCENE II.—Office of the Rockville Journal.

PRESENT—MR. EASTON engaged in writing at a desk.

Mr. E. (laying down his pen.) There! I think this will finish the business. It has been nothing but that "petition" for the last six weeks;

and the advertising I've done for the "Rockville Women's Rights Society," would fill a sheet. First, it's some Bloomerite to lecture, "under the auspices of the Society," then it's some would-be heart-rending appeal for the poor down trodden female. Now, it's bearable to hear such women as cousin Cora talk about their rights. I rather like to see her put down her little foot, and keep back her dimples, while she tries to look abused; but Lavinia Spring! Whewh! that's too strong a dose. Freally hope she will become a "fellow citizen," if she wishes it so much. I shall get rid of some kinds of her talk then. (*Writes a few moments.*) Joe!

(*Enter OFFICE BOY.*)

Mr. E. Ask Gould how the paper is. (*Exit boy.*)

Mr. E. I wonder if anybody ever was vexed as I am. I should like to have my rights once. Why don't they get Sawyer to do their advertising? Hang it! I can't refuse a woman's request, and they know it.

(*Enter BOY.*)

Boy. Gould says the outside is, most all off.

Mr. E. All right. Ask him to remove the first paragraph of the Washington news, and insert this—(*giving boy a paper*)—while he strikes off one paper. As soon as it is done, do you take it to Miss Spring, on Clinton Street.

Boy.. Shan't I wait for any other papers?

Mr. E. No, no—be lively now, or I'll make a strong-minded woman of you. (*Exit boy, precipitously.*)

Mr. E. I guess I'll run over and tell Sawyer; I rather think he'll appreciate.

SCENE III.—MRS. L.'s parlor. TIME—Afternoon.

PRESENT—MRS. L., MRS. E., MRS. P., MRS. B., MISS T., and EMMA L.,—all engaged in knitting or sewing.

Mrs. L. I am really glad to see so many of you ladies here to-day. It seems a pity to give up our pleasant sewing circles, though, to be sure, there is no longer any need of working for the soldiers.

Mrs. E. Why not work for the Freedmen?

Miss T. "Work for the Freedmen," indeed! Let them work for themselves. Every one seems very anxious that the *Freedmen* should be taken care of.

Mrs. P. Yes, and if half the efforts that have been made for them, had been made to obtain *our* rights, we should not be filling the silent situations that we do.

Mrs. L. But I am sure matters look encouraging now. Our petition to Congress will surely succeed, and our cause is daily gaining in strength. Have we not enlisted in our support ministerial wisdom and editorial wit the highest in the land?

Mrs. E. I can't help thinking that the "ministerial wisdom and editorial wit," might have been better employed.

Mrs. P. (turning to Mrs. E.) She probably didn't refer to any of your husband's wit!

Miss T. If she had Mrs. Easton would never have objected.

Mrs. E. Thank you for the compliment, Miss Twitchell.

Miss T. I intended no compliment, but really Mrs. Easton, I do not see how you can hold aloof from so great and glorious a cause. If you would only come into our "Women's Club" some evening, you could no longer consent to be a traitor in the camp.

Mrs. E. I do not see how one can be called "a traitor in the camp," who has never enlisted.

Miss T. Well, you are.

Mrs. E. Indeed!

Mrs. L. Now really ladies, I must protest against these exciting discussions, at this time. Let them be for the club-room. I am sure, Miss Twitchell, that we can afford to be—

Emma L. (seated by a window.) Oh! mamma. Here comes Miss Spring, running up the street just as fast as she can. She does look so funny, and everybody is staring at her.

(Door bell rings violently. Enter Miss S., very much exhausted. She sinks into a chair, and the ladies gather around her.)

Mrs. L. Why! what can be the matter, Miss Spring. Emma dear, bring a fan.

Mrs. B. Has she fainted? Here, give her my salts.

Miss T. Dear Lavinia, what is it?—(taking her hand)—Tell me, do.

Miss S. (gasping.) Oh! oh! it is so good. We have our rights. Our—just read this—Eliza. (Hands a paper to Miss T.)

Miss T. (Reads).—

"LATEST FROM WASHINGTON!

"The petition for Female Suffrage, which, under the auspices of the Rockville Women's Right Society, has received signatures from every State in the Union, has at last passed both houses, and received the signature of the President."

Mrs. L. Oh! how splendid!

(Mrs. Easton seems seized with a sudden fit of coughing.)

Mrs. P. To think that at last we see the reward of all our labor!

Miss T. Better than that; to think that it comes in time for the State elections.

Mrs. L. Yes, indeed! I am sure that I for one shall not vote to re-elect Charles Winthrop for Governor. He is not a bit better than Mr. Lincoln.

*Mrs. P.* Or Dr. Pillsbury either.

*Mrs. E.* Oh ! who ever heard of a doctor becoming Governor?

*Mrs. P.* Stranger things have happened, and I shall vote for him at any rate.

*Miss T.* What foolishness ! What do your husbands know of governing a State. Now, there's Col. Winter, who is much better fitted for the office. Don't you think so, Lavinia ? He would not have to leave a store or patients.

*Mrs. E. (aside.)* Or family !

*Miss S.* I am indignant ! Is this what we have been working for ; to vote for *men* ? A *woman* sits upon the throne of England, and why should not the "White House" be similarly blessed. I propose that we unite in nominating a female candidate for Governor, that so Rockville may still take the lead in this cause.

*Mrs. L.* I think that would be risking our newly acquired right. I for one am quite satisfied for the present.

*Mrs. P.* and *Miss T.* So am I.

*Miss S. (angrily.)* Then, I renounce you all, and heartily regret that I ever did anything to elevate your condition ! [Exit *Miss S.*]

*Mrs. P.* Come, Mrs. Barnard, vote for Dr. Pillsbury, and I'll make you the most beautiful breakfast-shawl you ever saw.

*Miss T.* But haven't we got to be registered, or done something to, before we can vote ?

*Mrs. P.* Yes, and is every woman to vote, or only those who have signed the petition ?

*Mrs. L.* I don't know. Emma, run out into the hall, and see if our paper has come. Miss Spring has carried off her copy. [Exit *EMMA.*] Didn't it seem to you that it was a very short notice ? are you sure you read it all, Miss Twitchell ?

(Enter *EMMA*, with paper.)

*Mrs. L.* Here Emma, let me see that a moment. (Opens the paper, and looks intently.) Why, where is that, Miss Twitchell, that you read ?

*Miss T. (coming to her side.)* Why ! sure enough, where is it. It was here in the third column, under "Washington News."

*Mrs. P.* Well, I think it is very strange. When I was coming here this afternoon, I met the boy from the office of the *Journal*, and tried to get a paper to bring here ; but he said he hadn't but one, and that was printed expressly for Miss Spring. What a goose I was not to think of this before. Mrs. Easton do you know anything about this ?

*Mrs. E.* You forget that I was here before you.

*Mrs. P.* Oh ! so you were ; but isn't it provoking to be sold so by that Editor !

*Miss T.* Perfectly outrageous !

*Mrs. L.* Well, Mrs. Easton, I suppose you are glad that we are not to vote.

*Mrs. E.* I have voted for some time.

*Mrs. P.* What do you mean?

*Mrs. E.* I think we have all voted in favor of the right, by every stitch that we have taken for the soldiers this winter; and you, Mrs. Lincoln, when you rode down to those factory boarding-houses, and addressed the operatives, asking them, as patriotic women, to contribute their mite for the country's aid, were really canvassing for votes, and you obtained them too!

*Mrs. P.* But do you not truly believe, Mrs. Easton, that the great questions of right and wrong would be settled sooner if women were allowed the ballot box?

*Mrs. E.* No, Mrs. Pillsbury, I do not. I for one am not prepared to say that the excess of right-thinking women is any larger than that of true-minded men; and I believe if such a thing as women's suffrage should ever be known, that the number of intelligent, earnest women, who would strengthen the cause of the right, would be more than balanced by the ignorant and easily influenced, who would vote as employers dictated or as friends advised.

*Mrs. L.* Then we are to have no voice in banishing intemperance and vice from our land?

*Mrs. E.* Yes, we are, and that voice is heard when we banish wine from our side-boards, and brandy from our cooking tables.

*Mrs. L.* I really believe you are right, Mrs. Easton, and I think I shall continue to vote in the old way.

*Mrs. P.* What fools we have been!

*Miss T.* I guess I will try and find Lavinia before she tells any one else "the latest news" from Washington. She'll be mad enough when she knows how we've been sold.

(*Enter SERVANT.*)

*Servant.* Tea's ready, ma'am.

*Mrs. L.* Then, ladies, I propose that we adjourn to the more pleasant discussions of the tea-table.



## PUGGE.

## CHARACTERS :

PROF, a School-boy, of professional ambition.

PUGGE, a School-boy, of poetical ambition.

NED, }  
JUDGE, } School-boys.

MR. WIMPLE, Teacher.

SCHOOL-BOYS.

SCENE—A School Room. TIME—Recess and part of a Session.

(On the black-board is a rough sketch of a pile of books, the largest book at the top.)

(Enter NED, PROF, JUDGE, and a throng of School-boys.)

Ned. O, say Prof, Pugge's getting out a new poem.

Judge. Ha, ha! Is he?

Ned. Professor seems to be very glum over the news. Guess he's getting out a new Greek Dictionary: Professor Prof's Greek Lexicon! How would that sound?

Judge. Ha, ha, ha! What words wouldn't be in that book wouldn't be worth knowing.

Prof. Well, I don't think you ought to make sport of one who wishes to be something.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Ned. Positive, Prof; comparative, Professor; superlative, Professissimus!

Prof. That's mean!—You ought to encourage—

Judge. Nominative, Prof; Genitive, Profis; Dative, Profi; Accusative, Profem; vocative—

Prof. I won't stay here to be made fun of! (Exit.)

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Judge. Look at that drawing on the board. (Pointing as he calls off the names.) Halleck, Bryant, Tennyson, Longfellow, Schiller, Goethe, Mrs. Browning, Milton, Shakespeare, Pugge. Ha, ha, ha! Pugge crowns the pile; and what a volume!

Ned. Bigger than Shakespeare!

Judge. And better!—Pugge's the great poet of the world!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Ned. Here he comes. Hush!. He has his new poem, and is reading it over and over to himself. Let's get away and listen. (They conceal themselves.)

(Enter PUGGE, looking at a Manuscript.)

Pugge. (Reads.)—Whilom, the hoary minstrel rose—

Ned. (Aside.) "Whilom"—what a word!

Pugge. That sounds well. That is *Miltonic*, and *Homeric*, too.

Judge. (Aside.) *Miltonic* and *Homeric*!

*Pugge.* "Whilom,"—"whilom."—That's a good word. It has a famous sound. It is used only by great poets. (*Reads.*)

Whilom, the hoary minstrel rose—

*Judge. (Aside).* And sounds a blast upon his nose!

*Ned.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Judge. (Aside).* Keep still, Ned, won't you!

*Pugge. (Reads).* Whilom, the hoary minstrel rose,

And sang the regions all afroze.

"Afroze;"—poetic license. A fine word that!

(*Reads.*) Wild swept his fingers 'cross the chords,

And worshiped the barbarian hordes.

True poetry is deep. Everybody won't understand that verse!

"And worshiped the barbarian hordes."

Now a good many won't know whether I mean that the fingers worshiped the barbarian hordes, or the barbarian hordes worshiped the—well, what? Even I myself, the very writer of the poem, don't clearly see what; and if it is so deep to me, how much more to others!—

*Judge. (Aside).* Hush! he's 'at it again. Take it down on paper, Ned, and we'll howl it at him sometime.

*Pugge. (Reads.)* Ha, how the moon shone in the hall,

Glistling adown the warriors tall—

*Ned. (Aside.)* Do you hear that Judge? "Glistling adown!"

*Judge. (Aside.)* Of course I hear it.

*Ned. (Aside.)* There he goes again. No, he's looking up.

*Judge. (Aside.)* He's weighing that last. "Glistling adown!"—

*Pugge.* "Glistling adown." Now if ever poet contrived such a word as that before, I have yet to know him. "Glistling." That word is the product of genius. And those two words together, "Glistling adown," why—why they'll roll through the world like—like a bolt from the vista of sublimity. There's an idea, too—"like a bolt from the vista of sublimity." It is high as the wind, and broad as seas that are swept by Northern blasts. "Glistling adown"—the words will roll through the world thunderously; and upon them will be seen, in letters of living fire, my name! How my grandmother will wonder at me.

*Ned. (Aside).* Open the window, fellows; I must yell!—His grandmother!

*Judge. (Aside).* Do be quiet, Ned, till he's through.—Look at him now.

*Ned. (Aside.)* He's lost in seraphic bliss over the prospect of his grandmother wondering at him. Hark!

*Pugge. (Reads.)* Ha, how the moon shone in the hall,

Glistling adown the warriors tall;

As seen-upon the spectral light

Of forty thousand in one night!

Now if any one can beat that, I'll be willing to give up my prospect of fame. That is deep. That's true poetry.

Ned. I shall burst !

Judge. Hold in, Ned. Here's Prof. (Enter Prof.)

Pugge. Ah, Prof !

Prof. Well, Pugge. Another poem ?

Pugge. Yes.

Prof. Let's hear it. (Pugge reads his verses.) We must have poets as well as profound scholars and learned men. I am reading Cicero and Livy, Virgil, Lucretius, and Sallust, Homer and Demosthenes ; and Mr. Wimple is going to lend me Thucydides.—I'm going to be President of a College.

Pugge. What College ?

Prof. That is not decided yet. I like Yale very well, and Princeton. Harvard is a good college. I don't know but I like Harvard best. It's the oldest.—See what is drawn on the black-board !

Pugge. Why, who could have done that ? What—they've put my volume of poems at the top ! Well, I must say—why—Prof, I do feel the blood in my cheeks ! Who would have thought I should be recognized here !

(Enter MR. WIMPLE.)

Mr. Wimple. Ah, boys ! (Rings the desk bell, and Prof and Pugge, and the other boys take their seats.) Prof. (Prof comes to him.) I am obliged to be absent awhile, and will thank you to take charge of the class till my return.

Prof. Yes sir. (Exit MR. WIMPLE. Prof seats himself in MR. WIMPLE'S chair.) The school will please come to order.

Judge. (Rises and declaims.) Whilom, the hoary minstrel rose,

And—

Prof. Judge will take his seat and come to order !

Pugge. (Aside.) How did he know of my poem ?

Judge. I must practice my declamation.

Prof. Take your seat. (Judge keeps the floor.)

Ned. (Rises and declaims.) Ha, how the moon shone in the hall;

Glistling adown—

Prof. (Authoritatively.) Ned and Judge, take your seats. (Confusion among the boys.)

Ned. I want to please my grandmother !—

(Declaims.) Glistling adown the warriors tall—

Judge. And sang the regions all afroze—

Ned. (Declaims.) As seen upon the spectral light  
Of forty thousand in one night.—

*Judge. (Declaims.)* Wild swept his fingers 'cross the chords  
And worshiped the barbarian hordes.

*Prof.* I must have order here!

*Judge.* That's by the class poet. Look at the black-board.

*Ned.* His grandmother will wonder at him. (*Confusion among the boys*)

*Prof.* Order!

*Judge.* It's so deep his grandmother can't understand it.—Those words will roll down through the world like a bolt from the vista of sublimity!

*Ned.* High as the wind, and broad as seas that are swept by Northern blasts. And the name of Pugge—

*Judge.* Stamped in letters of living fire, thunderously.—

(*Declaims.*) Whilom, the hoary minstrel rose  
And sang of regions all afroze.

*Ned.* To my Grandmother, namely—hem'm—dedicated.

(*Declaims.*) Ha, how the moon shone in the hall,  
Glistling adown the warriors tall;  
As seen upon the spectral light  
Of forty thousand in one night!

*Pugge. (Rising.)* It's a shame, fellows, for you to make fun of me. It's a shame. You oughtn't to do it! You—

(*Enter MR. WIMPLE. All the boys, excepting PROF and PUGGE, at once look on their books, and seem to be studying hard.*)

*Mr. W.* What's the matter?

*Pugge.* They make fun of me.

*Prof.* And of me, too.

*Mr. W.* I must enquire into this. Why do they make fun of you?

*Judge.* Mr. Wimple, it's because Prof puts on so many airs;—he's reading all the Latin and Greek books at once, and Pugge (*snickers*)—Pugge writes poetry!

*Mr. W. (To PUGGE.)* Hand me the poetry. (*Pugge obeys, and MR. WIMPLE reads.*) This is nonsensical; no wonder the boys make fun of you. Master Pugge, I speak to you bluntly, in order that you may see your folly, and come to your senses.—And Master Prof, it is better to concentrate your efforts upon the lesson given you in school than to distribute them upon so many books. You must not mistake self-conceit for genius. Be less assuming and you will not be made fun of. And you, boys, must see to it that you do not make fun of Prof and Pugge again till they again make themselves funny.

*Boys.* We will, sir. (*They applaud.*)

*Mr. W.* Now let us attend to the recitation.

## RUFFER, THE BORE.

## CHARACTERS:

RUFFER, a Bore.

BARKIE and } Intimates,  
Joe, }BERNARD and } Friends of Barkie and Joe.  
PALMIE,  
SCHOOLBOYS.

SCENE: BARKIE'S Room.—Enter BARKIE and JOE.

Joe. (*Seating himself at a table on which are books and slates.*) Come, Barkie; let us work out these examples before the fellows come. Sit down, Barkie, sit down.

Barkie. Yes; and we must write our compositions, also. Do you suppose I'm going to face such a teacher as Mr. Brightcain, to-morrow, with out a composition? No, sir. I like him too well.

Joe. Well, did I ask you to? No need of barking at me in that style.

Barkie. And no need of blowing at me in that style, either. Let's go at it, then. (*Sits at the table.*)

Joe. (*Reading.*) What is that number whose third multiplied by its— (*Knock heard.*) T'sh'sh! In the name of common sense, who would come at this hour?

Barkie. It's Ruffer. I know his knock.

Joe. Oh—The bore!

Barkie. I won't let him in.

Joe. Oh—You must, Barkie, you know. There's his horse and wagon, you know. Confound him! He sits, and sits, and plinks, and don't say a word.

Barkie. Hush! Perhaps he won't know we're here.

Joe. Is the door locked?

Barkie. No. He'll come right in. (*Knocking heard.*)

Joe. Couldn't you lock the door?

Barkie. I'll try. (*Goes to the door. Enter RUFFER.*) How are you, Ruffer? Come in; sit down. I was just coming to the door. I thought I heard a knock. (*RUFFER seats himself.*)

Joe. How're ye, Ruffer? That ride we had yesterday was splendid. (*RUFFER nods.*)

Barkie. Any news, Ruffer?

Ruffer. No.

Joe. We'd just got seated at our studies when you came, Ruffer. (*Aside.*) The horrid bore!

Barkie. We can't put off study, you see, unless we put it off till two or three o'clock in the morning.

Joe. But that wouldn't make any difference, you know. We don't need any sleep.

*Barkie.* We had engagements at eight. That's why we'll have to put off studying—now you've come—till two o'clock in the morning.

*Joe. (Aside.)* The stupid fellow don't take the hint.

*Barkie.* Seen Battleman's new horse, Ruffer?

*Ruffer.* Yes.

*Barkie.* 'Tisn't as handsome as yours; is it?

*Ruffer.* No.

*Barkie.* The neck isn't as arched.

*Ruffer.* No.

*Joe. (Aside.)* Yes, no, yes! Oh!—

*Barkie.* Legs are clumsy.

*Ruffer.* Yes.

*Barkie.* The body's dumpy.

*Ruffer.* Yes.

*Barkie. (Throwing aside his book.)* Joe, I don't suppose we can get our lessons now—there's no use trying.

*Joe.* Ruffer, you don't go to school; that's fine, isn't it?

*Ruffer.* I bet!

*Joe.* Now *we* have lessons to get; evenings, and we can't do anything till we've got our lessons. We can't go anywhere. We can't see anybody.

*Ruffer.* Eh?

*Joe.* It always puts me into the fidgets—I say—well—I'm just like one on pins if—if anybody—anybody—

*Barkie.* Comes into the room, you see, when a fellow is—is—

*Joe. (Studying—Aside.)*—That's the last of the use of *his* horse!

*Barkie.* Shouldn't you think so, Ruffer?

*Ruffer.* Yes.

*Joe.* What?

*Ruffer.* I don't know. (*Looks at a picture.*)

*Joe. (Aside to BARKIE.)* What's the use of trying to entertain him?

*Barkie.* The horse and wagon, you know.

*Joe.* No more rides if we don't! Let's try silence. (*They remain silent awhile. At length JOE jumps to his feet.*) Shoots and twitches!—Convulsions!—This is more than I can bear!—Barkie, come, come; let's go at our lesson here—come on.

*Ruffer. (Rising.)* Barkie, will you excuse me a little while? I have to go—

*Barkie. (Springing to his feet.)* With the greatest pleasure imaginable.

*Ruffer.* I have to go to my uncle's after the horse. He's been using the horse to-day. (*Stands with his hand on the door-knob. BARKIE goes and stands beside him.*)

*Joe.* Yes, yes!—

*Ruffer.* Uncle has been to Timesville with the horse, to see uncle Titus.

Uncle Titus is another uncle of mine. He's uncle Tom's brother and my father's brother. I'm his nephew, and he thinks a good deal of me—he does. He always calls me his boy. I'm going with him to see him sometime. He made me a present of a gun once, and I go shooting with it sometimes, but I never get any game. He, he, he! I suppose I don't go often enough.

*Barkie.* O, I guess, full often enough. They'd be bored, you know, if you should go oftener. Do you stay long when you go?

*Ruffer.* Where?—at uncle's? I haven't been there yet, to stay; but I'm going pretty soon. Uncle Tom—

*Joe.* Oh!

*Ruffer.* Says it is a good, quiet place to sit still and cosy in. He says the barn is a fine one. I like to see a good barn. He has lots of hay there. He has a large hay-field, you know; as large—well—as large—

*Joe.* Well, no matter now, tell us some other time. We wish to study now. Come some time when we are—out.

*Ruffer.* Uncle—

*Barkie.* Let me open the door; you don't understand the latch.

*Ruffer.* Oh, yes, I do. Uncle—

*Joe.* Fetch your uncle too—sometime,—when we are out.

*Ruffer.* I was going to say that uncle—

*Barkie.* (*Opens the door.*) There, I've got the door open for you at last. Good evening.

*Ruffer.* I won't say, good evening; he, he, he! I'll be back soon, and mother says you oughtn't to say good evening when you are coming right back. All I have to do is to take the horse—

*Barkie and Joe.* Good evening.

*Ruffer.* I'll be back in a few minutes. (*Exit.*)

*Barkie.* (*Slamming the door to.*) Good riddance!

*Joe.* Horrible bore! He's "coming back in a few minutes!" Lock him out! (*They seat themselves to their lessons.*) (*Joe looks at his watch.*) An hour!—an hour gone! We might as well give it up. (*Knocking at the door.*) That isn't Ruffer?

*Barkie.* (*Rising and going to the door.*) That's the fellows; it is their thump. No more study. Put away the books. (*Opens the door.*) Enter a number of schoolboys.)

*Boys.* (*Together.*) How are you, fellows? How are you?

*Bernie.* How're you, Barkie? Hallo, Joe! Where shall we have the pic-nic, and who shall be invited? We don't want any Bores, you know.

*Joe.* Bores! Do you know Ruffer?

*Bernie.* Ruffer? That beetle-headed chap? No, and don't want to.

*Barkie.* He's been here to-night, and is coming again.

Bernie. If he comes we'll haze him.—Now, wouldn't Neptune Park be a good place for the pic-nic?

All. First rate.

Bernie. That's settled, then. Let's go to Neptune Park. (*Enter RUFFER.*) Halloa!

Ruffer. How do you do?

Bernie. We didn't hear you knock.

Falmie. Who is this chap? (*Goes to RUFFER and strikes his hat down over his eyes.*)

Ruffer. Get out! Don't!

Bernie. (*Tripping RUFFER from behind.*) Down on your marrow bones and ask forgiveness.

Ruffer. Ow! Don't! You hurt!

Bernie. (*Aside to BARKIE.*) Put out the light. (*BARKIE puts out the light, and BERNIE snatches off RUFFER's hat and flings it away.*)

Ruffer. Don't! Give me my hat!

Boys. (*Pushing RUFFER.*) What are you here for?

Bernie. Punch him! (*Leaps on RUFFER's shoulders and rides round the room, the rest following; at last RUFFER and BERNIE fall, and the rest pile themselves on RUFFER and roll about, and at last roll him out of the door, and close it. BARKIE re-lights the lamp.*)

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Joe. (*Aside to BARKIE.*) That's the last of Ruffer's horse and wagon.

Bernie. Come, fellows, now that bore is put out, let's get at it again. Neptune Park is the place, then, for the pic-nic. Now as to the company and the eatables. (*Knocking heard at the door.*)

Barkie. Wait a minute, fellows; I'll go to the door.

Bernie. If it's that bore again.—Hark!

Ruffer. (*At the door, to BARKIE.*) He, he, he, those are jolly fellows! I've come again to ask if you and Joe wouldn't like the horse and wagon on Saturday afternoon.

Barkie. Why, Yes, Ruffer; first rate.

Bernie. Fellows, form a line! We'll arrange for the pic-nic to-morrow.

Ruffer. Look here, Barkie, those fellows ain't coming after me again are they?

Bernie. Are you ready? Forward!—(*Exeunt all but JOE.*)

Barkie. (*Returning.*) You ought to have seen him dig. He cleared the stairs at a leap. Just think! He came back to offer his wagon to you and me for Saturday afternoon.

Joe. Good! He is an incurable bore—but he is the clever owner of a horse and wagon!



## EXAMINATION DAY AT MADAME SAVANTE'S.

MISS MAUDE MULLER,  
MISS ADA SINCLAIR, } *At study.*  
MISS MAY MORTON,

[Enter MISS KATE HIGHLY.]

*Miss Highly.* Here you are, at it again! What a set of book-worms you are! I did not come here to talk about books, however, but am in search of that brilliant luminary, Miss Amanda Malvina Spriggs. Ah, see, she comes!

[Enter MISS SPRIGGS, MISS ARRINDALE, LUCY LAMMERMOOR, E. PERCY.]

*Miss Spriggs.* What's coming—any thing for me? I say, Miss Maude Muller, what are you going to wear to the swarry?

*Maude Muller.* My best suit of manners, Miss Spriggs.

*E. Percy.* Wouldn't you like to borrow the pattern?

*Miss S.* No; I don't want none of your patterns. My par is rich enough to buy my clothes ready-made. I could dress like Queen Victory if I wanted to.

*Kate H.* Wouldn't it be a striking likeness? There would be danger of your being mistaken for her daughter.

*Miss S.* I don't want to be taken for nobody. I'm as good as anybody; so is pap: I come here because I heard only the 'stocracy comed. I didn't keer much about it; 'twas better fun at home.

*Maude M.* You must be lonely among so many strangers?

*Miss S.* Not a bit of it; I'm used to seeing a great many folks. I went into company all last winter—balls, swarries, circuses, and all sorts of things. I didn't keer about coming away, but pap thought I'd better take music, and tend to painting, a spell; 'cause you know it's the fashion.

*Miss H.* I suppose, then, you have completed your studies?

*Miss S.* Yes; geography, grammar, and such like, I done up long ago. Pap says I know enough of 'em.

*Miss P.* But you have not studied mental philosophy, rhetoric, or astronomy?

*Miss S.* Nary one of 'em. I wouldn't be bothered with 'em. I'm a parlor boarder. Pap pays a great price for me, too.

[Enter MADAME.]

*Madame.* Young ladies, your time for recreation has expired; you will now prepare for the recitations of the day. The Greek and Hebrew classes will not recite, as Prof. Highschlesneeki is suffering from temporary indisposition. You will hand in your Spanish, Italian, and French exercises for correction. The young ladies appointed to take charge of the laboratory will be prepared this afternoon to discuss electricity and to

illustrate the subject by the operation of the galvanic battery. Miss Lammermoor, Miss Sinclair, Miss Glorianna Gaston, Miss Arianna Arringdale, will approximate. Young ladies, I presume you are prepared with your demonstrations in conic sections. I am much gratified with the report of your diligence, handed me by Professor Parallelogram. I wish you to persevere unweariedly, as the next text-book will be *Newton's Principia*. Miss Glorianna Gaston, what is that secret bond which binds together those glorious orbs that circle round in illimitable space?

*Miss G.* Attraction of gravitation, madame.

*Mdme.* Miss Arringdale, by whom was attraction of gravitation discovered?

*Arianna Arringdale.* By Newton, madame.

*Mdme.* What do you understand by quadratic equations?

*Ada Sinclair.* Those involving the unknown power of the second quantity.

*Mdme.* You have great genius for transposition, Miss Sinclair. You may retire, young ladies. The class in ethnology, natural history, and sciences—(Miss Muller, Miss Highfly, Miss Percy, Miss England, Miss Morton,) You will be kind enough, Miss Highfly, to designate some of the natural sciences?

*Kate H.* Let's see. Them's ethnology, zoononomy, botony, goology, mineral-water-ology, longmeterology. Indeed, madame, I don't remember any more.

*Mdme.* The only wonder is, Miss Highfly, that you remember so many. You must have been spending your leisure hours in correcting the text-books. Miss Muller, let me see if you vie with your friend. Can you tell me some of the general forms and arrangements of leaves?

*Maude M.* Ovate, obovate; euneate, sagittate, cordate, peltate, pin-nate, and palmate, madame.

*Mdme.* Very creditable.

*Miss S.* Wonder why she couldn't keep on into the twelve times eight? Don't she know the rest of the multiplication table?

*Mdme.* Miss England, what are the five grand divisions into which mankind is divided?

*Miss E.* Caucasian, Mongolian, Malay, American, and Americans of African descent.

*Mdme.* Miss Morton, what are the great leading orders of fishes?

*Miss M.* Spine-rayed bony, soft-rayed bony, and cartilaginous.

*Mdme.* Perfectly correct, Miss Morton. Will you, Miss Percy, tell me what the third division of the second order is denominated?

*Miss P.* The apodal or footless division, madame.

*Mdme.* You will take up, in review, the second volume of Prof. Superficial's treatise on this subject. Miss Spriggs, I will ask you a few questions, in order to ascertain to what department I shall assign you.

*Miss S.* I hope it will be a good roomy apartment, with a big fire in it, ma'am.

*Mdme.* Miss Spriggs, I am accustomed to conversing with young ladies who deport themselves as such.

*Miss S.* Well, aint I? I always thought I was a lady.

*Mdme.* I will excuse you from further remarks. I perceive the preparatory will have a brilliant addition. Have you ever turned your attention to geography? If so, please to give me the capital city of each State.

*Miss S.* Well, if you wait till I kin give 'em to you, it will have to be till I can get pap to buy 'em for me. I brought a silver fork and spoon, and all them things; but I didn't think of them other consarns.

*Mdme.* Grant me patience! In what species shall I class this *rara avis*?

*Miss S.* Specie's mighty scarce, now, I tell you. I don't wonder you're puzzled.

*Mdme.* Miss Spriggs, what is arithmetic?

*Miss S.* 'Rethmetic! Well, I've heern tell of folks goin' on tick, and clock ticking; is't any of them kind you mean?

*Mdme.* Where were you educated, or rather where were you *not* educated, Miss Spriggs?

*Miss S.* You're too many for me, now. I come here to be eddicated 'long with the 'stocracy; and pap said as how I'd beat the whole com-boozle, and if there was any meddle to be given, I'd be sure to get it, for I was the most meddlesome gal he knowed.

*Mdme.* No more! Spare my nerves. You may retire to your apartment. I will consider your case.

*Miss S.* I guess I am a case. Pap says I'm the hardest kind of a case, but he guessed *you* could squetch me. Well, good-by, ma'am, and when you want me again jist let me know.

*Mdme.* Pity the sorrows of a preceptress! What a parody on the march of intellect, when capacities are supposed to be in the market; when the substitute for Pegasus is to be greenbacks, and the road to Parnassus can be reached only by a carriage and four!

# THE PRIZE POEM.

## CHARACTERS :

GRANT, LANE, NOTTING, NINNY, AND OTHERS, *school boys.*  
MR. EYESANEARS, *teacher.*

SCENE—*A grove near the school house.* PRESENT—*Grant and Lane.*

*Grant.* Prize given this afternoon, eh? Did you try for it?

*Lane.* No, why should I? Did you?

*Grant.* Yes, an epic, with Ninny for the hero! Ha, ha, ha!

*Lane (laughing).* That'll take the prize sure! Give us a sample?

*Grant (recites with mock solemnity)*—

The twilight bow was rising,  
Rising and getting dim;  
The dark below uprising,  
Lead-colored, sombre, grim—

*Lane.* That isn't epic metre.

*Grant.* Who cares! It'll do for *Ninny*.

(*Recites:*) Darkly the sullen cloud spread,  
Obscure the landscape grew;  
Joy mingled with a vague dread,  
As near the place I drew.

*Lane.* How did such a solemn ditty ever stray into your head? It's as doleful as a crow in winter.

*Grant.* That's but the beginning of the dolefulness.—Had enough? Let's go a-fishing.

*Lane.* Oh no. We haven't time. Besides I want to hear how *Ninny* comes in.

*Grant.* O that's clear on towards the end. (*NINNY and NOTTING approach*). Here comes swell-head now—let's pump him. He expects the prize!

*Ninny (to Notting).* Did you hear what that young lady said—

*Lane.* Hush! *Grant's* reciting his prize poem.

*Grant (recites)* The house athwart the cloud stood,  
The shadows grew more deep:  
Foreboding ill, the vague mood  
Still on my mind did creep.

*Ninny (to Notting).* Did you hear what that young lady at the gate said to the other—

*Notting.* Bother the young lady! Listen to *Grant*.

*Grant (recites)* I strode along the pathway,  
There was no light, no sound;  
The windows glowered blackly,  
The heavy portal frowned.

*Ninny.* Pathway and blackly ! What rhymes !

*Grant (to Lane).* Ninny's criticising ! ha, ha ! (*Enter other boys*).

*Ninny.* Say, Notting, did you hear what that young lady said as—

*Notting (angrily:)* No, no. What did she say ? You won't live long if you don't tell it !

*Ninny.* She said, " Look at that handsome young man ! " Meaning me of course.

*Notting.* Humph !

*Lane.* Come, Grant, give us the rest of it.

*Grant.* I didn't agree to recite it before a crowd. (*Slyly to LANE*)—quizz Ninny !

*Lane.* Go on, Grant, go on. It's first rate. Isn't it, Ninny ?

*Ninny.* Well, yes,—pretty good—for *Grant*.

*Lane.* Pretty good ?

*Ninny.* Why, yes, it'll *do*—but you can't call it poetry. Grant hasn't the head of a poet. He hasn't the phrenological developments. (*Takes off his hat.*) Now, just put your hand here on the bumps on *my* head.

*Lane.* Just feel of 'em, Grant. They stand out like the lumps on the edge of a summer squash !

*Ninny.* That's *ideality* and *sublimity*. The phrenologists tell me that those bumps are the largest they ever saw.

*Grant (feeling of Ninny's head.)* Ideality and sublimity ! Prodigious !

*Ninny.* That's what makes me a poet.

*All.* O, ah !

*Lane.* Say, Ninny, did you get those bumps by cudgelling your brains ?

*Ninny.* What an idea ! Cudgelling *my* brains ! Ha, ha !

*Lane.* You'll get the prize, I suppose ?

*Ninny.* O yes. There's no competition worthy the name.

*Grant.* That was a deep piece, that last one of yours.

*Ninny.* The *Soulonia* ? Yes, some say that poem is equal to anything TUPPER ever wrote.

*Grant.* Who's the best poet in the school, Ninny ?

*Ninny.* That's not for *me* to say.

*Lane (derisively.)* Modest merit ! Ha, ha ! You'll get the prize, Ninny.

*Ninny.* And you are all envious of me because I will. That's plain ! (*Takes NOTTING'S arm.*) Come, Notting, let's go.

*Notting (shakes Ninny off.)* You're going that way, and I'm going this.

*Ninny (taking Notting's arm again.)* My way is any way you are going. He, he, he ! I'll go with you.

(*Enter Mr. EYESANEARS, with a book in his hand. The boys touch their hats, and he responds.*)

*Mr. Eyesaneers.* I believe I see present, young gentlemen, all the com-

petitors for the prize ; and as the hour is come, why should we not, at once, and without much ceremony, here under these classic shades, bestow the prize ?

*Ninny.* I am willing, I'd as lief receive it here as anywhere.

*Boys.* Here, here ! (*All remove their hats.*)

*Mr. Eyesaneers.* It gives me pleasure then, to say that the successful competitor is Harry Lane.

*Lane.* Sir ! (*The boys shout.*)

*Ninny.* Isn't there—is there not some mistake, Sir ?

*Mr. Eyesaneers.* No mistake at all. (*Hands the book to HARRY.*)

*Lane.* To me ! I handed in no verses.

*Notting.* But I did for you. You gave them to me long ago.

*Lane (in confusion).* I—I—but I didn't write them for a prize. (*To Mr. E.*)—Really, sir, I did not think that any verses of mine would be—

*Mr. Eyesaneers.* Let me congratulate you, Harry. Modesty accompanies worth. (*Boys applaud.*)

*Ninny.* It's a shame. Eyesaneers is no judge of poetry !

## WILLIAM RAY'S HISTORY LESSON.

*William.* Come, Ed. ! what are you doing ? Let's have a game of ball.

*Edward.* I can't, Will. I must learn this history lesson.

*W.* A fig for your history lesson ! I've learned mine long ago.

*E.* What ! already ? Are you sure you know it ?

*W.* Yes ; well enough. What's the use of staying in the house all the morning to study that old lesson ?

*E.* Let's hear you say it.

*W.* Oh, I can't bother. I know it, and that's enough. We have enough of reciting in the class.

*E.* Just try it, and see if you know it *sure*. I don't believe you do.

*W.* I say I do ; so what's the use of saying I don't. You might as well tell me I lie. Don't you suppose a fellow can tell whether he knows a thing or not ?

*E.* I suppose he can—sometimes. But I sha'n't believe that you know this lesson until I hear you recite it. I'm sure I don't know it, and I've studied it twice as much as you have.

W. Well, try me and see. But just let me look at the book a minute to see how it begins. [*Looks.*]

[*Enter James, quietly.*]

"Early on the morning of the thirteenth of September the—the—Early on the morning of"—[*Hesitates, hangs his head and moves his lips as if repeating to himself.*]

E. Well; go on.

W. The—Oh! I know now! "The British, under General *Mont-clam*—"

E. [*Laughing.*] Breakfasted on chowder, I suppose.

W. I won't say another word, if you don't stop laughing. It's mean to laugh, when a fellow miscalls a word.

E. Well; I won't laugh any more, if I can help it. Come, begin again. You'd better try this verse: "General Wolfe, with an army of eight thousand men—"

W. Oh, yes! I know. "General Wolfe, with an army of eight thousand men, scalded the Heights of Abiram." What are you laughing at?

E. [*Laughing.*] Come, now; that's fine! *Scalded* the Heights of *Abiram*. Where did you—

W. I say it's in my book, now, just so! See if it isn't!

E. Well, look and see; s-c-a-l-e-d. What does that spell?

W. *Scaled*, of course. Well, I thought I was right. Oh! *Abraham*. Any way, there isn't much difference; and what's the use of being so mighty particular about a word or two. History is a mean thing to learn anyhow.

E. That's a fact, Will. It is a mean thing to learn *anyhow*, but a very pleasant thing to learn right. But let me ask you a few questions. Who commanded the English?

W. Ha! aint you smart? Don't you think you've got me now? There wasn't any English there!

E. [*After a quiet laugh.*] Well, then, who did fight there?

W. Why, the British and the French.

E. Who commanded the French?

W. General Wolfe.

E. What became of him?

W. He was killed, wasn't he? Oh! I know the lesson now! He was mortally wounded—and—(*drawing and speaking as though the words were one sentence*)—"They fly who fly said the dying hero the French said a soldier then I die content said the hero and immediately expired."

E. That's it, exactly! You do know a thing or two, don't you? But never mind those old wars and dead heroes. Let's talk about our own war. You read the papers, don't you, Will?

W. Of course I do! Do you think I'm a spooney because I missed a word or two in my history lesson?

E. What do you think of General Grant's report?

W. I thought it was a very good thing; didn't you?

E. Yes, very. That account of the battle of Baltimore was splendid, wasn't it?

James [*Stepping forward.*] The battle of—

E. Be quiet, James! Let us alone. I'll go with you directly. [*To William.*] Didn't you read the report of the conduct of the war after Grant took command, and all about the terrible battle at Baltimore, where the Alabama was sunk and the Monitor did such execution?

W. Well—no—not—quite—all—of—it; but it was dreadful, wasn't it?

E. It was that! You remember that splendid charge that the rebels made just as the gunboats came round Cape Hatteras and opened fire on them. They had just crossed the Chickamauga, and—

W. Yes, I remember; but I read it in a hurry, and may have forgotten some parts.

J. Come, Ed., that's too much! There—

E. Keep still, Jim; there's time enough. I'll come out all right. [*To William.*] You see, General Scott came up to the rebels, who had about a million of men strongly posted along Tennessee. The fight lasted three days, you remember, and our troops were being overpowered, when Grant came up with half a million of men, and, dashing into the thickest of the fight, rallied our forces, and, when the monitors came up, drove the rebels across the Chickahominy, and took the most of 'em prisoners, and—

W. Yes, I know; I remember all about it. But, you see, I must go now. Tom's waiting for me. [*Exit.*]

E. Well; I think you'd better go. [*Calling after him.*] Say! Can't you spend time some rainy Saturday to write a history of the war? You'd make a capital hand; you have such an excellent memory, and—

J. Don't be so hard on the poor fellow, Ed., if he is a fool and won't own it. What possessed you to lie so?

E. I didn't lie. He said he had read Grant's report, and I said he knew so and so, then. He did all the lying.

J. It was laughable, I confess; but was it fair?

E. Well, no; perhaps not. But it was as near the truth as he would have got if he had the report for a lesson. He pretends to know so much that I can't help running him a little sometimes. There goes the first bell! If I don't make up for lost time, Will may give me a hint to mind my own lessons more, and his less.

J. And I too. I came in to study.



## SLANG.

Characters—KATE MERRILL, a school-girl; LIZZIE, Kate's little sister; MARY WILLIAMS, Kate's cousin; HARRY, brother of Kate and Lizzie; RALPH, Mary's brother.

Scene—*Mr. Merrill's Parlor. Enter KATE and LIZZIE, with school-books, etc., just returned from school.*

*Lizzie.* We shall tell father of Harry; shan't we?

*Kate.* No, I don't think that will be best; but I shall give Master Harry a piece of my mind. Just to think of a son of Morton Merrill swearing in the street! It is perfectly shameful!

(*Enter HARRY, with one skate.*)

*Harry.* I say, Kate, have you seen my other skate? I'm sure I left them both in the hall, and now I can't find but one anywhere.

*Kate.* No; but I should like to see *you* a few moments. I have something to say to you.

*Harry.* Well, hurry up, then, for I'm going off skating with Tom Harding, as soon as he comes, and I want to find my other skate.

*Kate.* Tom Harding is not a very nice boy for you to be with so much. You were with him this afternoon, when I heard you using language I never thought a brother of mine would use.

*Harry.* I should like to know what I said.

*Kate.* You don't remember *swearing*, do you?

*Harry.* What do you mean, Kate Merrill? I never did such a thing in my life.

*Kate.* Lizzie and I both heard you; didn't we, Lizzie?

*Lizzie.* Yes, we did; you said "By golly," and Kate is going to give you a piece of her mind for it.

*Harry.* She won't have much mind left by and by. But I say "By golly" isn't swearing any more than "Fiddlesticks," and you both say that.

*Kate.* Oh, yes it is, Harry; it is swearing to say "By" any thing.

*Harry.* Well, "Golly" isn't any thing; so there, now!

(*Enter RALPH and MARY.*)

*Harry.* Hulloo, Ralph! Will you go skating? I am going as soon these girls get through scolding me.

*Ralph.* Why, what are you being scolded for now?

*Mary.* I thought something was the matter. What can it be? Have you been doing any thing naughty?

*Harry.* No, I haven't; but these girls will have it that "By golly" is swearing. Is it now, Cousin Mary?

*Mary.* It is, certainly, a rowdyish expression, which I hope you will never use.

*Kate.* There, now, Master Harry!

*Harry.* Well, then, "Fiddlesticks" is "rowdyish," too; and Kate says that a dozen times a day.

*Kate.* But you never heard me say it on the street.

*Harry.* No ; but you say other things, though. Cousin Mary, I must tell you something. Kate and her darling friend, Etta Chamberlain, were walking in their usual loving manner the other day, their heads so close that I couldn't have fired a chestnut between 'em without hitting both their noses, when, turning a corner, whom should they meet but Kate's music teacher, Mr. Nelson. As the girls had just been talking about him, they were, of course, very much surprised ; and Kate exclaimed, "Jerusha Stykes !" whereupon Mr. Nelson made a profound bow to Etta, and said, "I am happy to meet you, Miss Stykes." You can't imagine how mad those girls were. Poor "Jerusha" hasn't quite recovered yet.

*Kate.* You provoking boy ! I should like to know how you heard about it. But really, Cousin Mary, I was vexed enough, to have Mr. Nelson hear me say that. I know he will think me very rude.

*Mary.* My dear Kate, it is not what people think we are, but what we really are, that should give us most care. I have long wished to speak to you about this matter. You were quite indignant at Harry, when really the expressions you use are hardly more refined.

*Kate.* But, Cousin Mary, I don't mean to say such things, except when I am with the girls. You are not a school-girl, and don't know how they all use such expressions.

*Mary.* School-girls are not the only guilty ones. Many of their older sisters, who would be ashamed of an *ungrammatical* phrase as detracting from their culture and refinement, are not ashamed of *slang* phrases, and often do not hesitate to use language that is *worse* than slang. They may not intend to use it except among themselves, but the effect is the same in the end. Habits of conversation can not be dropped at will, and a single unguarded word may reveal a practice that can not but degrade a girl in the estimation of her right-thinking friends. But, setting aside the right and wrong of the matter, the habit is vulgar and unlady-like, and I really wish you would avoid it. I know that Ralph agrees with me. Don't you, brother ?

*Ralph.* Not exactly, Mary. You say, *setting aside the right and wrong of the matter*. In my opinion we have no right to set that aside. The question, "Is it right?" should be regarded more than "What will people think?" Can we indulge in such expressions when we remember that "our conversation is in heaven," and that for every idle word we shall give an account ?

*Harry.* Ralph, you're a brick ! Kate won't dare to scold me any more to-day, so I'm off. You'll come with me as soon as I find my skate, won't you ?

*Kate.* Harry is right. I am too much in fault myself to presume to correct him. I thank you for correcting me, and I assure you I realize the folly of the habit—for it has been nothing worse—and really intend to break myself of it.

## HOMINITIC GEOGRAPHY.

[*Said to have been prepared for the late Exhibition in Slowtown Academy.*]

*Dramatis Personæ*—TEACHER AND PUPILS.

[Each pupil may recite more or less, according to the number of pupils. Names are left to the option of the teacher.]

*Teacher.* What lesson have we to-day?

*Pupil.* The Anthropean Confederacy.

*T.* Of how many states does this confederacy consist?

*P.* Five.

*T.* Name them.

*P.* Matter-o'-money or Matrimony, Single-Blessedness, Despondency, Perfection, and Bliss.

*T.* Give the situation of the confederacy.

*P.* Its situation is somewhat uncertain, extending through many degrees high and low. It is, however, bisected by the meridian of life.

*T.* Bound the state of Matrimony.

*P.* It is bounded on the north by the land of Milk-and-Honey, on the east by Single-Blessedness, on the south by Despondency and Perfection, and on the west by Bliss.

*T.* What can you say concerning this state?

*P.* Very little is known respecting it. Those who have attempted to explore it have seldom returned. It is popularly supposed to be a pleasant country, abounding in delights; but the few who have escaped by way of the Divorce and Desertion Railroad represent it as especially productive of briars and broomstick material.

*T.* What is the character of its inhabitants?

*P.* They are very peculiar. They often disturb the peace of their neighbors by petty commotions. Their literature is said to consist principally of curtain lectures—a species of amusement unknown in other countries.

*T.* What is the capital of this state?

*P.* Loveburgh, on the River Truelove. A populous town, yet utterly without public spirit.

*T.* State the peculiarity of the Truelove.

*P.* It is an insignificant stream, and frequently dries up. In freshet seasons it is very turbulent. The old proverb says, its course never runs smooth.

*T.* What town in the interior, noted for bald heads, elopements, etc.?

*P.* Henpeckton. Its inhabitants are a dismal race. The men undergo great sufferings. The women possess all authority, and oppress the town.

*T.* Would any of you like to live there?

*Class (emphatically).* No, sir.

*T.* In what state do we live?

*P.* In the state of Single-Blessedness.

*T.* Bound it.

*P.* It is bounded on the north by the Gulf of Oblivion, on the east by Time's Ocean, on the south by Despondency, and on the west by Matrimony.

*T.* Describe this state.

*P.* It is the most delightful state of the confederacy. The inhabitants are gay, and give much attention to the fine arts—pleasing, deceiving, and the like. Great accuracy has been attained in dress, smiling, and in articulating the language.

*T.* What are the chief occupations of the people?

*P.* Hunting and fishing.

*T.* For what?

*P.* The men hunt for companions, and women fish for beaux.

*T.* What is the capital?

*P.* Flirt-town, on Jilting Creek.

*T.* For what is Flirt-town noted?

*P.* For its marriageable old women and gay young men; for broken hearts and sore disappointments; also, for the large number of persons annually reported as "engaged."

*T.* Are there any other important towns in the state?

*P.* Breach-of-Promiseville and Coquetton; situated near each other.

*T.* For the next lesson, the class may take the states of Despondency and Perfection. Any questions to be asked about the lesson?

*P.* (*raising his hand.*) Do you live in Flirt-town, on Jilting Creek?

*T.* Why, Johnny?

*P.* I heard ma tell some ladies the other day that you were engaged to Susan Miller.

*T.* (*sternly.*) John, you may stay after school. The class is dismissed.

## "NOT AT HOME."

*Emma.* Bridget, if the bell rings this afternoon, do you say I'm not at home.

*Bridget.* Yes, ma'am.

*E.* Stop, Bridget. If Miss Briggs calls, you may let her in. You know Miss Briggs, don't you?

*B.* And sure it's myself that knows the same, bless her swate face.

*E.* Now don't you make a mistake, Bridget.

*B.* A mistake, is it? Never fear that. [Exit.

*E.* I saw that odious Miss Perry going down street, and I shouldn't wonder if she should call.

*Jane.* It would be just like her, to call when she isn't wanted.

[Door-bell rings. *Exeunt* EMMA and JANE.]

[Enter BRIDGET. Opens the door. Enter HELEN.]

*Helen.* Are the young ladies in?

*B.* It is not in they are.

*H.* Why, Bridget, you must be mistaken. I saw Miss Emma as I came up the steps.

*B.* Mistaken, ma'am! If anybody is mistaken, it's Miss Emma herself; and sure she ought to know.

*H.* How is she mistaken?

*B.* She tould me herself that she wasn't at home, and that I was to say so to all but Miss Briggs.

*E.* [Calling.] Bridget, come here!

[Enter EMMA.]

*B.* I tould you she said so.

[Exit.

*E.* Why, my dear Helen, how glad I am to see you! It is an age since you were here.

*H.* [Coldly.] I am not Miss Briggs.

*E.* What do you mean?

*H.* You didn't expect to see me, did you?

*E.* I have expected you all the week; and I am so glad to see you!

*H.* Then, why did you tell your servant to say you were not at home, except to Miss Briggs?

*E.* I—I—Did Bridget make such a blunder as that? Why, I shall have to discharge her. What did she say?

*H.* Just what I have told you. I thought I'd go—

*E.* How stupid! Why, I said—I told her—I never saw so stupid a thing. I told her if I wasn't at home when you and Miss Briggs called, to ask you to stay till I came back.

*H.* Oh, that was it! These girls are so stupid!

*E.* I have so longed to see you! Did you go to Fanny Newman's party, last week?

*H.* No; I don't visit her. They say there wasn't ice-cream enough for the company, and the oranges were cut in halves to make them hold out.

*E.* Wasn't that stingy? But it's just like them. Who told you about it?

*H.* Mary Day. She wasn't there, however. She had no invitation. Had you?

*E.* No; I don't associate with them.

*H.* Nor I. But I must go. I'm in a hurry. Good-by.

*E.* Come again soon. Good-by. [*Exit HELEN.*] Bridget, I want you.

[*Enter BRIDGET.*]

*E.* What made you tell Miss Pierson that I wasn't at home to any one but Miss Briggs?

*B.* And sure, ma'am, didn't ye tell me to do that same?

*E.* I told you to say I wasn't at home. But you mustn't tell visitors I said so. Just say I'm not at home.

*B.* But the leddy see yeess through the window, and what could I do? Troth, you wouldn't have me tell her the eyes of her was poor?

*E.* You should have said, perhaps you were mistaken; or, perhaps I had come home, and you would see. Go now, Bridget, and remember.

[*Exit BRIDGET. Door-bell rings. Re-enter BRIDGET.*]

*B.* It's my father's daughter that will be right this time. That's Miss Briggs, sure.

[*Opens the door. Enter MISS PERRY.*]

*Miss Perry.* Is Miss Emma in?

*B.* Yes, ma'am—to yeess, ma'am.

*Miss P.* To me! What does that mean?

*B.* It's meself that can't tell, for she was very angry because I tould a leddy she said she wasn't in; and she made me promise I'd never tell anybody else that she said it. So you will excuse me. It's not for the likes of me to disobey my mistress. Sit down, miss, and I'll call Miss Emma.

[*Re-enter EMMA.*]

*E.* Why, my dear Miss Perry! I'm so glad to see you! Why haven't you called before?

*Miss P.* To tell the truth, I thought you did not care for my calling.

*E.* I am sorry you thought so. I deem you one of my best friends. Cousin Jane and I were speaking of you only a little while ago. She will be glad to see you.

*Miss P.* It gives me pleasure to hear you say so; and if I have been wrong in my opinion of you, I beg your pardon.

[*Enter JANE.*]

*Miss P.* I'm glad to see you, Miss Jane. You have come just in time.

Your cousin and I have been clearing up a little misunderstanding, and I hope we shall have your approval.

*Jane.* [*Rather puzzled.*] I think I can agree with any thing Emma says. I was not aware of any difficulty, however.

*E.* Miss Perry has been laboring under the mistaken idea that we were not friendly to her.

*J.* I am really sorry.

*Miss P.* Let it all pass, then. I am glad we understand each other. I did not like to speak to you of it, but the kind message you sent me by your servant made me think I had wronged you in thought.

*E.* I wonder if the stupid girl has once carried a message correctly. What did she say?

*Miss P.* I passed your house a short time ago, and I suppose you saw me, and thought I might call on my return; for when I asked if you were in, she said, with a smile, that you were to me. I hardly expected this preference.

*E.* I was not in a mood for general society, and wanted to see only those with whom I am in sympathy.

*Miss P.* I am sorry I cannot stay longer, but I am out on business this afternoon. Will you and your cousin give your aid in getting up a Fair for the Orphan Asylum?

*E.* Very gladly. I will, at least.

*J.* And I, too, Miss Perry. I thank you for this call.

*Miss P.* Please return it, my friends. I'll tell you more of the Fair another time. [*Exit.*]

*J.* I am ashamed of myself. That young lady has taught me a lesson. Before she came we called her odious. When she was here, what hypocrites we were! Then, how frank and charitable she was!

*E.* I'll call Bridget and see if she has made another blunder. Bridget!

[*Re-enter BRIDGET.*]

*E.* What did you tell Miss Perry?

*B.* It's no Miss Perry I've seen at all.

*E.* That was Miss Perry who just went away.

*B.* I thought it was Miss Briggs, and I said ye was in to her, and I couldn't tell her any more, because ye was angry if I told ye said ye was wasn't in to other leddies.

*E.* You may go, Bridget.

*B.* Troth, miss, ye are angry wid me. And will ye plase to say yourself ye're not in? [*Exit.*]

*J.* The very servant shames me. Never again will I be a party to such deception.

*E.* Nor I neither. [*Exeunt.*]

## THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

*Mrs. Smith's Parlor.*—Present: MRS. SMITH, MRS. BROWN, MARY SMITH, JEMIMA BROWN, MISS ST. CLAIR, MISS GORDON, MISS GRAHAM.

*Mrs. Smith.* As you say, Mrs. Brown, the Queen's English is good enough for *me*; no matter if it don't suit my Moll or Miss Mary Smythe, as she has printed on them little cards she takes when she goes a-visiting.

*Mrs. Brown.* Cards! Sakes alive, she don't play cards, do she? I'm main glad I didn't send my Jemima to that grand school your Molly's come from. She's got more foolish notions now than's good for her. Why, don't you think she wants her father to get a befix to his name, becoss she discovered that our descendants were called Le Brun before the flood!

*Mrs. Smith.* Dear, dear, what is this world a-coming to? I shouldn't be surprised to find some morning we had turned summersault in the night, and were in a state of universal emancipation in the uttermost parts of the earth. These new-fangled idees beat *me*. I came in the other day, tired out, for Moll to help me get dinner—for helps is all hindrances now. Says I, "What's the use of all Moll's larning and ologies, if she don't know cook-ology and sweep-ology?" But, bless your heart, she hadn't learned nary one of 'em! I found her in the parlor telling some young chap how glad she was to be free! "Free from scholastic regulations," she said; but if they're any relations of *mine*, I don't know it. I sot and listened while she described the alterations she was going to git her par to make. She was going to have a boaydoor opening inter a memorandah, and a kivered portfólio with marble steps, and rustic lounges on the memorandah quite permiscuous. That was too much for me. Says I: "You can have your boaydoors, or any other kind of doors, but as to them lazy loungers, I ain't a going to have none of 'em coming about *my* premises. If you larned such nonsense in your 'Young Ladies' Cemetery' you've got to forgit it in double-quick!" The young chap, who had disremembered until then that he was in a violent hurry to go down-town, took his hat and his departer!

*Mrs. Brown.* And a very good thing, too. The young chaps now-a-days look like a tailor's advertisement. I wonder if they don't get their clothes for walking round to show 'em.

*Mrs. Smith.* Well, I daresay. But here comes Moll; I left her putting on her "robey de charms!"

*Miss Smith.* Robe-de-chambre, mamma; my morning-dress.

*Mrs. Smith.* Well, any thing you like, Moll.

*Miss Smith.* For pity sake, mamma, drop that old-fashioned appellation! I so much prefer being called Marie!"

*Mrs. Smith.* And do you think I'd make such a dunce of myself?



*Miss Smith.* Dear me, mamma, you are perfectly incorrigible! You have no pity on my nerves. Want of harmony grates on my ear in the most distressing manner!

*Mrs. Brown.* A nice pair, you and my *Jemima* are, *Miss Molly*.

*Miss Smith.* The world grows wiser, madam, every day; and you can not, with our opportunities for mental development, check the spirit's aspirations!

*Mrs. Brown.* Perspiration! In course not, child; it's very dangerous to check perspiration! Why, if here ain't my *Jemima*! (*Enter Miss Brown and friends.*) I'll just take a seat and wait for you, *Mimey*—that is, if you don't stay too long; for I calculate to git that ironing done up this artemnoon!

*Miss Smith.* [*Aside.*] Mamma, here are some of my friends. Perhaps you and *Mrs. Brown* would prefer the sitting-room, as our chat can scarcely interest you.

*Mrs. Smith.* Don't put yourself out, *Moll*; your friends is my friends, and any thing that pleases you pleases me. I'll stop and take some lessons in your new ways.

*Miss Smith.* [*With a gesture of resignation.*] Allow me, then, to make you acquainted with my friends,—*Miss St. Clair* and *Miss Graham*, mamma; *Miss Le Brun*, I believe, you already know.

*Mrs. Smith.* Not a bit of it; I only know little *Jemimy Brown*, the daughter of my old friend there.

*Miss Le Brun.* And I am still the same, dear madam, though I must confess I should like to improve our name. I am sure we have a right to "*Le Brun*."

*Mrs. Brown.* Don't be silly, *Mimey*; be satisfied with your good fertin, in having an honest father that's made soap and candles enough to keep you in pocket-money.

*Miss St. Clair.* [*To Miss Graham.*] I thought *Minnie* said her father was a retired merchant.

*Mrs. Brown.* Retired, did you say, my dear? Yes, we allus did live retired—over the shop—till *Mimey* coaxed her pa to move up town, and a mighty unconvenience him and me find it.

*Mrs. Smith.* [*Looking at Miss St. Clair through her glasses.*] It appears to me I've seen you before. Why, I do believe you're little *Kitty Sinclair* as used to play with *Molly*, when your aunt kept that little shop around the corner!

*Miss St. Clair.* I! madam, I! You are mistaken. I never remember to have met you until to-day.

*Mrs. Smith.* Well, some people's memories is shorter than *Tom Thumb's* tooth-picker. But I never was more certain of any thing in my life than that you used to play with my *Molly*, and I wonder you forgit the nice hot suppers I used to give you.

*Miss St. Clair.* To me! You are mistaken, madam. But I must leave you, Marie; I have an engagement. *Au revoir.* [*Exit.*]

*Miss Smith.* Oh! mamma! what have you done? Offended one of my dearest friends!

*Mrs. Smith.* I hope not, Moll. I'll go right out after her, and ask her to stay and take pot-luck with us.

*Miss Smith.* Not for the world.

*Mrs. Brown.* No, Betsey, don't trouble yourself! I wouldn't encourage anybody in no such foolishness.

*Mrs. Smith.* I don't encourage nobody's foolishness; I'd see their dead corpse walk fust. But I never like to hurt any one's feelings—not even a cat!

*Miss Gordon.* Do not let it grieve you, madam; Eugenia will not take it much to heart. She should have been more true to herself—no one would respect her any the less.

*Mrs. Smith.* Well, to be sure; you are a nice clever-spoken young lady. I'm just of your sentiments.

*Miss Gordon.* Or, rather, my dear mother's. I have often heard her speak of the great advantages we enjoy, and the facilities for improvement which were unknown in her youth. She has always impressed us with the feeling that we should be grateful for them, but not on that account to consider ourselves superior.

*Mrs. Smith.* And a very sensible woman she must be. I should be proud to see her. Pray, did you ever hear her speak of one Jimmy Gordon who lived in Market Space?

*Miss Gordon.* Frequently, madam; he was my grandfather.

*Mrs. Brown.* And a very good man he was, and deserved a great deal of credit, too. Why, I have heard that he commenced life an errand boy, and got up by degrees to the tiptop of the ladder.

*Miss Gordon.* So I have heard, madam.

*Miss Graham.* An errand boy! Oh, horrors, Ella! I'd never own it.

*Miss Gordon.* I see no reason to be ashamed, so long as he was honest and upright.

*Mrs. Smith.* Certainly not, my dear. You have more right to be proud, than if he had been like some of these make-believes, that allurs put me in mind of old John Dobbs—going around asking for work, and praying he never might find it.

*Mrs. Brown.* Poor Johnny! He was too lazy to live!

*Miss Le Brun.* Mamma has not much sympathy for the "*dolce far niente.*"

*Mrs. Smith.* What kind of a farm did you say it was?

*Miss Le Brun.* I was merely repeating a well-known Italian phrase, madam.

*Mrs. Smith.* Well known, is it? Well, I must say I've traveled a

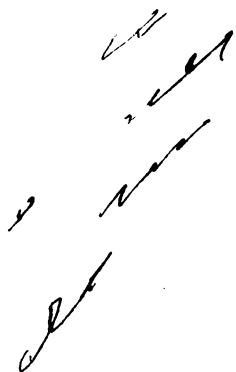
great deal—a hundred miles or more beyond the rhubarbs of the city, where the calvary was camped, but nobody never pointed that farm out to me !

*Miss Graham.* Perhaps, madam, your eyesight, like your hearing, is defective.

*Mrs. Smith.* Gone to look for your good manners, perhaps, miss !

*Miss Smith.* I can not hear my mother addressed with any want of respect, Eugenia. I may, as she says, have had some false notions, but I have to thank you and Kate St. Clair for opening my eyes before it is too late. You will forgive me, dear mamma, for not having better appreciated you ; but I do not think I shall easily forget the lesson I have learned.

*Mrs. Smith.* You was always a good child, Molly ; I thought you'd come right at last. You can do what you like to the house. Have your boaydoors, your sapphiras, bristles carpets, and candeleeuries, your memer-andrews ; but don't go and be ashamed of your mother that loves you, because she sticks to her homespun and knitting !

A large, stylized handwritten signature or scribble, possibly reading 'Miss Smith' or similar, written in dark ink.

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